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FOR A BETTER TO-MORROW

FOR A BETTER TO-MORROW

by

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THE CHARACTERS IN THIS
STORY ARE FICTIONAL AND
ANY SIMILARITY OF NAMES
IS ENTIRELY COINCIDENTAL



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PULLING UP STAKES

JIM DOUGLAS was nineteen when the Western fever swept over him like a Prairie fire. He had graduated from High School, and later had taken a two-year course in Office and Business Administration in Toronto, and now, as he expressed it, was "rarin' to go West". He dreamed of cowboys and mounties, of ranches and wheat fields, of pioneers and new communities in the making. "It beats me," said a school chum, "why you want to leave such a home and neighbourhood as you have."

"I suppose it does seem strange," said Jim, "but somehow I feel that here I am just walking in a furrow. It is straight, and deep and clean, but it isn't mine, and I want to plough my own. Out West I'll be compelled to make my own way. It is a young man's country, and I'd like to have a hand in developing it, while it is still in the pioneering stage."

"Well, Jim, go to it. But don't forget that though 'distant fields look green', you will run up against plenty of hardships."

"Oh, I quite realize that," Jim replied. "No doubt I will have to fight discouragement and loneliness. But why should I seek a sheltered life? My parents didn't. And they have given me a fine example of courage and faith. So, I am going West, not because I think it will be easy, but because I think it will be a good school of experience, and will afford ample opportunity for making a good job of living."

Jim's chance came the following summer, 1924. He had written his Uncle Charlie, who was farming

in Southern Manitoba, telling him of his desire, and in response there came a hearty invitation.

"Come and spend the harvest season with us", his uncle wrote. "We'll need extra help, and you will get a taste of Western life."

"Say, Dad," said Jim, "I'd like to go to Manitoba," and he handed his father Uncle Charlie's letter. "Well, Jim," said Mr. Douglas, "your mother and I hoped you would be content to settle down here, but youth must live its own life. Go out for the season. If you decide to come back, we shall be glad; but if not, we know you will honour the name you bear, in your new surroundings."

Busy days followed in the Douglas household. Jim was the first-born of John and Annie Douglas, and his going marked the first break in the family circle. Besides Jim, there was Edith—two years younger, and Don—now a sturdy lad of twelve. The Douglas family held a leading place in the community. John Douglas was not only a good farmer, but a citizen of progressive outlook, who took his full share of public duty. Mrs. Douglas was beloved for her gracious hospitality, and the church and school received no finer support than that given by the Douglas household. The young people of Norwood Grove, as the neighbourhood was called, staged a rousing farewell. Jim arrived home one evening from town, where he had made final arrangements about his trip, to find the house filled with a lively bunch. They had a jolly evening, winding up with the presentation to Jim, of a club bag, along with a humorous address to which was appended a list of signatures, nicknames and sundry remarks that would recall many incidents of school days.

Standing at the little station, the rollicking Jim was very silent. He hadn't realized till then, just how

much his home and friends meant to him. As he exchanged handclasps with his chums, and his brother, and had kissed Edith, who had always been such a pal—and especially when he felt his mother's arms about him, and heard her farewell words quietly spoken in his ear—words for him alone—tender, trustful words, Jim couldn't keep back the tears. Father and son gripped hands just as the conductor called "All aboard". "God bless you son", was all that John Douglas could say, but the pressure of his strong hand, and the look in his kindly eyes, conveyed a message his tongue could not utter.

In Toronto, Jim boarded a tourist car of the West-bound train. Finding his seat, he deposited his grips, and the well-packed lunch box containing a supply of food for the journey. The car was comfortably filled with a pleasant-looking lot of passengers. There were some young people, and several families with children. Jim had an upper berth—the lower of his section being occupied by a rather oddly matched middle-aged couple, who were already seated.

The man was a big, brawny fellow, tanned with the sun—evidently a farmer. His wife was small and slender, with a refined, intelligent face.

"Howdy, stranger!" said the man, shortly after the train pulled out of the station. "Travellin' far?"

"I'm on my way to southern Manitoba," said Jim.

"Wal, I declare! Guess we'd better get acquainted. I calc'late we'll be bunked together in this shebang for quite a spell. My name's Cousins—Josh Cousins—and this is my missus."

"I'm glad to meet you both," said Jim, as he extended his hand. "I'm going to spend the summer with my uncle, who lives in the Pembina Valley district."

"Do tell!" said Josh. "Reckon I know most o'

the folks in them parts, used to be in a threshin' gang that worked all through that neighbourhood."

"My uncle's name is Charles Douglas."

"Charlie Douglas! Yes siree, I should say I know him and his family."

"Indeed we are not likely to forget them," said Mrs. Cousins. "When we were held up by rain and impassable roads near the Douglas farm, they took us in and insisted on keeping us for three days, and we became warm friends."

"Sakes alive," broke in Josh, "we couldn't have been treated better if we'd a' been some long lost brother and sister. Your uncle is a fine man, and his missus is a real smart woman. The boy and girl will be grown up now—they was just little nippers then. We had two boys of our own. They got on fine together, and your little cousin Marjory, called me 'Uncle Josh'—said I talked like the uncle Josh she heard on the gramophone."

"Be you plannin to farm in Manitoby?"

"I think not," said Jim. "I took a business course in Toronto, and am thinking of striking out for Northern Saskatchewan in the Fall."

"Our children are out west of Battleford now," said Mrs. Cousins. "The boys wanted to take up land, and last Fall we sold our farm, and have been visiting in the east ever since. Now we're going to see our old neighbours, and settle up a little business, before going out to live in a little town near the children."

Jim soon recovered from his loneliness in the friendly companionship of his fellow passengers. Josh was soon acquainted with everybody in the car, and had a great time romping with the youngsters, who soon were calling him "Uncle Josh".

The Cousins' farm was in the Killarney district,

so they and Jim would take the same train out of Winnipeg.

"We'll have to lay over at the 'Peg, from nine o'clock in the morning till two-thirty p.m.," said Josh. "How'd you like to give the city the once over?"

"Oh, I'd love to see Winnipeg. I've heard so much about it."

Mrs. Cousins elected to go down town on a street car, to do some shopping, and then would rest at the Y.W.C.A. till train time, when she would meet the two men at the station.

"Guess we'd better step into the big hotel first," said Josh. "It's too swell a joint for your Uncle Josh to put up at, but they won't charge us nothin' to walk through the rotunda."

Turning next to Main Street, Josh explained that it was once an Indian trail. At the corner of Main Street and Portage Avenue Jim stood and gazed with admiration at the heart of this rushing, modern city—the gateway to the Prairie country—the capital of Manitoba. He was surprised at the substantial buildings and broad streets, and the youthful freshness of everything and everybody. Josh took him to see the "Old Gate" of Fort Garry, and to see the junction of the two rivers that converge in the city—the Red and the Assiniboine. They went into the Post Office, where Jim dispatched a letter to the family, and they dined in a big departmental store.

After lunch they walked down the Mall, past the Municipal Concert Auditorium, and on to the stately Parliament Buildings.

They just had time to rush out to the City Park—Winnipeg's largest and most beautiful picnic and play ground—before going to meet Mrs. Cousins and catch their train.

As they approached the little town of Manitou, where his relatives were to meet him, Jim bade good-bye to his friends with genuine regret.

"If you go out Battleford way, and run across two young fellows by the name of Cousins, just look 'em over, and ask them if they ever heard of Josh. If they own up to it, tell 'em who you are, and I reckon they'll treat you right."

"I hope we may meet you out there some day," said Mrs. Cousins, "and in the meantime, may God prosper you always, and please remember us to your uncle and his family."

Josh shook Jim's hand warmly.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Jim," he said. "Go straight, work hard, and use the head the Lord put on your shoulders, to good purpose, and you can't be licked. You're the sort o' young fellow this country needs, or I miss my guess."

Jim stepped from the train at the little station, and was warmly welcomed by his uncle and aunt, who had driven in to meet him.

PEMBINA VALLEY

THE drive to the farm, some fifteen miles from the little town, was full of thrills for Jim. Uncle Charlie and Aunt Annie were real Westerners, who, as young people, had gone out from Ontario. They had occasionally visited at Jim's home, through the years, and to Jim they typified everything that pioneers ought to be. It was great to be with them, with the prospect of spending some months in their home. The road led through a well settled and rich agricultural district.

Jim gazed in admiration at miles of waving grain, wheat tall and well headed, and just turning from green to gold. Barley, oats and flax were there too, in abundance, with here and there large fields of clover, alfalfa and corn, with evidences of timothy that had already been harvested.

Jim was surprised at the fine farm homes and large, painted barns, with groves of trees about the buildings, adding beauty and affording protection from the wind. Pembina Valley was reached after descending a long, winding hill, and as the car wound its way to the bottom, Jim could see the heavily cropped valley stretching for many miles.

"What a country!" Jim exclaimed, as his eyes swept over the beautiful landscape. "Which is your place, Uncle?" His uncle did not reply at once, but in a few moments turned the car into a well treed driveway, saying as he did so: "It looks as if this must be the place, Jim, for I see some young folk coming out to meet us, and that dog is trying his best to say 'Come in, folks!'"

Sure enough—John and Marjory, and Mac the Scotch collie, were at the gate when the car pulled up. There could be no doubt about the welcome of these young folk to their cousin, and Jim felt at home at once.

Uncle Charlie had done well in Manitoba. His section of land not only possessed many acres of the finest grain-producing soil, but there was timber enough to provide firewood, and a creek supplied water for the stock. The original shack and sod-roofed stables had given way to a modern brick house, and large bank barn. Electric light and water systems provided all the conveniences of a city home.

Jim's first summer in the West was, fortunately for

him, a busy one. John was a year older than Jim, and Marjory was eighteen. They were lively, athletic and bubbling over with friendliness—just the sort of young people Jim needed in those first months away from home. John had graduated from the Agricultural College, and had come home to help his father run the farm. Marjory had finished High School, and would proceed to the University in the Fall.

The crop that year was a bumper one, so Jim was at work early and late. He and his cousins did, however, find some time for sports. When the local baseball team found that Jim had pitched for several seasons, he was given a try-out, and soon was wearing the uniform of the team. They had a good season, and had the honour of getting into the provincial play-offs series at Morden. This was an unusual distinction for a rural baseball team.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, you know," said Ned, the captain. "Fact is, several of our fellows have gone through Normal but couldn't get schools. Two others graduated as electrical engineers, but have not found openings yet, so all these boys were home this summer, helping harvest the big crop. Then Jim came along. I'll say we have a fine bunch of fellows, and the team that licks them will have to step some."

It was uncertain whether Jim would be able to play in the finals. His pitching had given his team-mates the confidence they needed, and had helped them come through the season successfully, but threshing had begun in the neighbourhood, and the day before the play-offs began in Morden—the threshing gang was to come to the Douglas farm. Uncle Charlie offered to let Jim off, but Jim knew that it would mean three days away for both John and himself—for John

was a fielder, and although there were several spares, Jim would not think of going without John. Then, too, Marjory had been an enthusiastic fan all summer, and she would have to leave the next week for Winnipeg. She did so want to see the final games, but her going would leave Mrs. Douglas short-handed in the house, with the threshing gang to feed.

"I'm sorry, Ned," said Jim to the Captain when the latter came to appeal to him to go with the team. "I'd like to go, but it wouldn't be fair to Uncle. He's been splendid about it, and told me to go—and John said he'd gladly stay on the job—but I can't think of it. You have a good team, and I'm sure every fellow will be right on his toes and, you may bet your life, John and I will be pulling strongly for you at home."

The play-off was between the Pembina Valley team and a snappy aggregation from Winnipeg, in a three-game series. At the last moment Marjory was persuaded to go. A neighbour had offered to help Mrs. Douglas, and everyone urged Marjory to go along.

"We want you to 'phone the result of each game," Jim said. "We won't be able to carry on if we do not hear—and see to it that the boys win."

The first evening the boys were eager with expectancy when they came in to supper. They were at the table when the phone rang. It was long distance—"Morden calling". Soon John, who answered, heard Marjory's voice. "We lost 7 to 3. Oh yes, it was a good game, but Winnipeg has an A 1 pitcher, and I think our boys were nervous. They missed you and Jim very much."

The next evening brought the more cheering news that the home team had won, the score being 6 to 5, in a ten-inning game.

At eight o'clock the 'phone rang again. "Morden

calling Jim Douglas", the operator said. Jim answered.

"Hello, Jim, this is Ned speaking. We've been in a huddle here, and the boys asked me to call you to see if you and John can possibly come for the final game."

"Oh, I'm afraid it's impossible, Ned. We're not through threshing yet."

"What's that?" said Uncle Charlie. "Let me speak," and he took the receiver from Jim. "What is it, Ned?"

Ned poured forth an earnest appeal. The team was doing well, it had put up a great game, but Winnipeg had a crack team and had its star pitcher in reserve for to-morrow's game.

"Our boys need just the strengthening of morale that Jim and John on the line-up would give," said Ned.

"Tell the boys that they'll be there," said Uncle Charlie. "Good-bye Ned, and good luck."

Turning from the telephone, Uncle Charlie said "Now, Jim and John, get ready. Take the roadster, and drive to Morden to-night, so that you may have a rest and a work-out before the afternoon game. In fact, I think we all need a holiday, so I'm going to call off the threshing to-morrow, and when the whistle blows for that final game there'll be a big bunch of rooters cheering our team on to victory.

It was a great game—the two teams were evenly matched. Quite a contingent had come from Winnipeg for this final encounter, and in Pembina Valley, when the news spread that Jim and John were off to join the team, and that Mr. Douglas had declared a holiday and was taking a load to the game, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Every available car in the

community was pressed into service, and each car carried its quota of baseball fans.

The Winnipeg team appeared on the field first and were given a rousing cheer by their supporters and the great throng that had come to see the game. Presently someone shouted "Here they come", and the Pembina Valley rooters let themselves go in a great shout, accompanied by hat-waving and hand-clapping. Hundreds of others joined in the demonstration. Both teams were at top form, and determined to win. The Pembina Valley boys came out with renewed confidence, now that Jim was in the pitcher's box. The Winnipeg team went to bat first. Jim wound up—it was a ball. Again he let go for ball two. Then followed a foul—strike one—then strike two. "Two and two," called the umpire. Again Jim hurled the ball—this time a perfect pitch—strike three, and the first batter was retired. The second batter got a single, but by swift work on the part of the short-stop, and the second baseman, the next batter's hit resulted in a beautiful double play—to retire the side. The Winnipeg pitcher held the Pembina Valley batters to two hits with no runs.

So the game went on. There were plenty of thrills, and much shouting from the bleachers. In the first of the fifth, Winnipeg started the scoring. With two men out, and two on bases, the batter clouted a long grounder that the second baseman couldn't reach—a quick pickup by the centre fielder, and a great throw to home plate, put the second runner out—score 1-0 for Winnipeg. The first batter for the Valley struck a long fly, well out towards the fence, but the speedy right fielder reached for it, and brought it down. The innings closed with no further scoring. There was no scoring by either side in the sixth. In the seventh,

Jim retired the Winnipeg men three in a row. John came to bat for the Valley, and got a single. The next two batters went out. Jim came to the plate. He swung—the ball went like a rocket—far out to the left—but inside the line—and landed right at the fence, giving the fielder no chance. Jim could hear the frantic shouts of the Valley rooters as he sped round the diamond. He slid onto the home plate just a second before the ball reached the catcher's hands. There was wild excitement as the Valley team stepped out in front of their rivals with the score 2-1 at the end of the seventh. There was no scoring in the eighth, but in the ninth a Winnipeg pinch-hitter made a two-bagger. He stole to third when a ball slipped past the catcher, and came home on a nice hit by the next batter. At the end of the ninth the score stood two all. Winnipeg went to bat, cheered to the echo by a large section of the crowd, but Jim allowed only one hit. There were no runs. Ned came to bat for the Valley, and got a safe single. On a bunt by the second batter he made second. John was next up—he was always regarded as a dangerous man at bat, and now his muscles were as hard as nails. After a couple of balls, he got a wallop at a good one—a swift grounder that eluded the Winnipeg players. Like a flash he dashed to first, while Ned slid across the plate to win the game!

The threshing season ended, and the team that had won the Provincial Championship was feted by the neighbourhood. A turkey dinner was given in their honour, complimentary speeches made, and each player received a valuable souvenir.

And now, Jim began to be restless to be on the move. Life's great adventure was calling, and it said, "Go West young man—to Saskatchewan."

SASKATOON

With considerable reluctance Jim turned his face toward new and more distant fields. He had been so happy in his uncle's comfortable home, and the young people had given him such a good time, he was loath to leave them. Recent letters from home had expressed the hope that he would come home—if not to stay—at least for Christmas.

"Gee whiz," said Jim, in speaking about it to John, "they don't want to see me half as much as I want to see them. When those fellows who came out for the harvest were returning, I was strongly tempted to pack up and board the same train."

"Why not, Jim?"

"No, John, I can't do that. I haven't done what I started out to do, so I'm off on the second lap of my adventure to-morrow. My first stop will be Saskatoon. I want to see that much-talked-of little city, and perhaps I'll hear of some opening there. I've got my summer's wages, and a good supply of clothes, so I can hold out for a little while."

As the train rolled across the Saskatchewan prairie, the friendly conductor sat for a time with Jim. Jim told him something of his plans. "I suppose you know Saskatoon well," he remarked. "Oh yes," said the conductor, "I live there, and believe me it's a real town, with a lot of the finest people there are."

To Jim's enquiry about a boarding place, the conductor replied by giving him the addresses of two or three people he knew and could recommend. So, thanks to his conductor friend, Jim found himself that evening, comfortably settled in the home of Mrs. Blaney.

"How do you like our city?" asked Mrs. Blaney, a few days after Jim arrived. "It's great," said Jim. "I don't wonder that everyone I've met is a booster. The extent of your business section, and its fine buildings, surprises me, and I certainly admire your broad streets. And what an educational centre your city has become!"

Jim had explored the University with its group of buildings erected from native stone, the Agricultural Department with its prize stock, experimental crops and up-to-date equipment; the School for the Deaf, the Technical and Normal Schools, the three Collegiate Institutes, and the numerous Public Schools. "I couldn't have believed that all this could have been achieved in so short a time. It would be hard for a young fellow to dodge a good education here. Then, too, your situation on the banks of the Saskatchewan river, with the magnificent bridges spanning it, not only provides you with an ample water supply and drainage facilities, but adds greatly to the beauty of the city."

"Yes," said Mrs. Blaney, "we like it very much. My father was one of the original settlers, who camped on the bank of the river, and gave Saskatoon its name. "That is very interesting," said Jim. "By the way, how did they happen to choose the name?"

"I have heard my father tell," she continued, "that one Sunday afternoon a member of the party brought in a handful of berries to the leader, who was in his tent." "What are these?" he asked. "The Indians call them Saskatoons," the man replied. "Saskatoon?" "Why, that would be a good name for our new community," said the leader. "You may be interested to know," said Mrs. Blaney, "that the pioneers built the first place of worship on the site of

the present Grace Church." "Thank you," said Jim, "for this interesting historical sketch. I shall go over to Grace Church on Sunday, and what you have told me will add to my interest very much."

It was a beautiful, late-November Sunday morning when Jim walked into Grace Church. The congregation was gathering. A courteous usher welcomed him in the attractive vestibule, and showed him into a pew about half-way up the aisle. Jim was pleased with the lovely interior, and the windows. He looked up to the pulpit and choir, and his gaze was held by the subdued colours and exquisite design of the window facing him—Holman Hunt's "Light of the World." Silently the window conveyed a message to the young stranger. Jim was early, and looked about him at the ever-increasing congregation. There were men and women who looked like business and professional people, tradesmen, young people—alert and bright, and here and there—particularly near the front—were men and women bowed by the weight of years.

If Jim was favourably impressed by the people he saw around him, he did not escape observation himself. Mrs. Tasker noticed him as he was shown into the seat not far from where the Taskers were sitting. "Who is that young man, Ruth?" she asked her daughter. "I never saw him before mother, but he looks good to me."

The minister was supported by an excellent choir of fifty voices, who not only sang with fine effect, but inspired the congregation to sing. "How much are you worth?" was the subject of the sermon, and Jim's heart warmed to the preacher, as the theme unfolded. Christ's estimate of human values was clearly set forth, and the minister's conviction expressed that "contempt for human life lies at the root of our economic

and social ills." Jim liked the way he concluded his message, by bringing home to each hearer the question : "How much are you worth, as a citizen ? in social relationships and in the Church ?"

Jim was sitting beside Mrs. Wilson, who, with her husband, was in her accustomed place. When the service was over she reached out a friendly hand, saying "Are you a stranger ?" Jim said he had been in the city only a few days. "We are glad to see you. I suppose you are attending the University ?" "No," said Jim, "I am from Ontario, and I am looking for an opening in business in the West. Mrs. Blaney, with whom I am boarding at present, and who attends this church, was telling me about the early history of it, and I wanted to come."

"You belong to the United Church, I suppose ?"

"Oh yes, my father and mother have been active members of a little church at Norwood Grove, north of Bowmanville, since they were young people, and I grew up in it."

"Why," said Mrs. Wilson, "that is the part of Ontario my husband came from. I want you to meet him." Mr. Wilson had been chatting with friends as they passed out of the church, and was now waiting at the end of the aisle. "Will," said his wife, "this young man—oh, I didn't ask your name."

"Jim Douglas," said Jim.

"This is my husband, Mr. Wilson—Mr. Douglas," and she continued : "Mr. Douglas tells me that his home is north of Bowmanville, in the Norwood Grove district."

"Well, well," said Mr. Wilson. "Are you a son of John Douglas ?" Jim smiled in acknowledgment.

"Why, I remember your father and mother when I was a young man. We lived some miles away, but

we used to go back and forth with the Norwood Grove young people."

"Now, you'll have to come and have lunch with us, Mr. Douglas, so you and Will can finish your chat about Ontario."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Wilson, it is very kind of you. I'll come if I may excuse myself to Mrs. Blaney—but you'll call me Jim, won't you?"

The Wilson home was a very attractive one. The house, a substantial brick, with stone basement and trimming, was beautifully situated, with a back glassed-in verandah overlooking the river; but better than all else, it radiated hospitality and good fellowship. Mr. Wilson was a prominent business man, his firm having business throughout the province. Mrs. Wilson loved young people, and she was never quite so happy as when mothering some young person who was away from home.

Jim had a happy day. After lunch, and a delightful chat, he went to his room, to get the home letter—and one to his cousin John—written. He gave a glowing account of Saskatoon, and the happy time he was having with new friends. That evening, he attended Knox United Church—the pioneer of Presbyterianism in the city. Here he was impressed with the great throng of young people—many of them students, from various parts of the province. The service was hearty and informal, and the minister's message, a gripping appeal to youth. The soprano soloist captivated Jim, with a voice of such quality as he had seldom heard. There was a young people's get-together in the school-room after church, when he had the pleasure of meeting the minister and a fine lot of young people.

Day by day Jim scanned the advertising columns of the paper, tramping the streets also, in search of

work. He picked up a few temporary jobs, but no real opening came. His funds were running low, and Jim didn't like the idea of appealing for help from home. He wrote optimistic letters to the family, referring in vague terms to work. Winter settled down in real earnest shortly before Christmas, and Jim had his first taste of forty-below-zero weather.

He dreaded Christmas. He had taken from his dwindling funds money to send presents to each member of the family, and cards to other friends and relatives. The Wilson's invited him for Christmas dinner, and Mrs. Blaney did all she could to make things pleasant for him; but in spite of all, Jim's spirits sank as he had visions of the home folk with the Christmas cheer, and the round of festivities. He couldn't have believed that a fellow could be so lonely.

January came in clear, and decidedly cold. The civic authorities were taxed to provide food and shelter for homeless men, many of whom were young and far from home. What he should do, was troubling Jim. By the middle of the month his funds were exhausted. Again the lure of home was strong, but Jim gritted his teeth, and said "not yet, by George". Mrs. Blaney was very considerate. She had become fond of Jim, but he knew that she needed every penny to get by, and he would not impose upon her.

"I am moving out, Mrs. Blaney," he announced one morning, "but, as my plans are uncertain, would you mind if I left my trunk with you?"

"Why of course Jim, and you are welcome to stay, or to come back at any time. I do hope you will find work."

"Oh, I'll be all right," said Jim, with a forced grin, and a confidence he tried very hard to feel.

That afternoon Jim became No. 67, in the Homeless

Men's Camp, fitted up in one of the buildings of the Fair Board. The bunk which provided sleeping accommodation was supplied with a thin mattress and heavy army blankets. Jim was introduced for the first time to the de-louser—a sealed room, where the clothes were hung to be disinfected, while the applicant was treated to a shower-bath, examined for disease or vermin, and given treatment, if needed. Though neither Jim nor his clothing needed such treatment, No. 67 had to submit to the rules of the camp. He had to do his share of fatigue duty. A military officer was in charge, and the strictest discipline was maintained.

The food was plain and coarse, but there was plenty of it, and recreation was provided along with a fairly good supply of reading matter and games. Altogether, Jim found that the civic authorities were bravely attempting to make the best of a bad job. After the first day or two, he didn't mind the bunk, or the rules of the camp. He found too, that there were quite a few lads like himself, who had come from good homes, but who had been unfortunate. What he found the hardest, was the unnatural herding of men from here and yonder in a fellowship of hopelessness. He was forced to hear obscenity and profanity, and to witness the demoralizing effects of enforced idleness, and the frustrations of youthful ambitions.

"What are you going to do when the camp breaks up?" Jim asked a little group one evening. "Ride the rods, I guess," said one. "The whole darned country is on the rocks. I've hummed my way across from Montreal to Vancouver several times, and nobody wants my services, or cares a hoot."

"My Dad urged me to stay in school till I matriculated," said another, "so that I would be in a position to qualify for a good job. I did it, and graduated with

honours, but what's the use? See where I've landed." One was a bricklayer, another a plumber. There was a carpenter, a book-keeper, along with many farm-hands and labourers, but each one had the same sad story to tell, of failure to find security.

"Well, fellows," said Jim, "it does look as if society is giving us a raw deal, but as I see it, folks are not all bad. The capitalistic system that came into being with the machine, and which increased industry and multiplied comforts, has reached the point where the means of production are in the possession of a few, while the masses do not even own the tools they use. By means of improved machinery, production has caught up with, and passed consumption, so that a crisis has been reached. To-day, not only workers, but small business men and farmers, and even many who do business on a larger scale, are victims of the capitalistic system. The sense of insecurity is felt by the whole of society. Changes are inevitable. There are those who advocate the smashing of the present inequitable system."

"Attaboy," shouted a big non-Anglo-Saxon, while there were many signs of agreement. "But," said Jim, "society cannot flourish on a smashed system. We must build a better one. I feel that we have a part to play in the reconstruction. So, I'm going out to find work, if I can, and to join hands with all others who will strive to bring in a social order based on justice and brotherhood, a social control, that will conserve the rich natural resources of the country for the benefit of all, and that will make social benefit, rather than selfish profit, the motive of all endeavour."

"By Jimminy, mate, put it there. I aint got your eddication, and can't say it like you, but them's my sentiments. I say chaps, let's send a few blokes like

him to Parliament and we won't have to take no bloomin' charity."

As the weeks passed, Jim kept up his search for work. He was in the Public Library one day when the afternoon paper was brought in and, turning to the column which always challenged his first attention, he read: "Wanted—young man with training in office and business administration, for a hardware and implement business—apply Tom Judson, Enterprise, Sask."

"Say, where's Enterprise?" Jim asked the first policeman he met.

"Blest if I know; but wait, here's a man can tell you," and he turned to a passer-by, an old-timer, with the question. "Enterprise?" "Why, it's a little burg out in the Battleford country, about a hundred and fifty miles from here. It's not very big, but is growing rapidly, and has a fine country all around it."

Jim thanked the cop and the old-timer, and passed on, down the street. How to get in touch with Tom Judson was a real problem—but one Jim was determined to solve. "I know what I'll do," he said to himself. "I'll drop in to Mr. Wilson's office, and ask him to let me write a letter." Jim had avoided the Wilson's and other friends, for he didn't want to advertise his hard luck. But in a few minutes he walked into the Wilson office. "Could I speak to Mr. Wilson a moment?" he asked the young lady who came to the desk. "He is busy now, but I will see. What name, please?" "Jim Douglas," said Jim.

In a moment Mr. Wilson came out of his office with smiling face and outstretched hand to greet him. "Why, Jim my boy, we thought you had gone back on us. Mrs. Wilson was quite worried about you,

and tried her best to get track of you." While he was talking, he piloted Jim into his private office.

"Now Jim, sit down and tell me all about yourself."

"Oh, there isn't much to tell—I have been looking for an opening."

"Have you found one, yet?"

"Well, not exactly; but I really came in to ask you to let me write an application for a position in Enterprise," and he told Mr. Wilson about the advertisement.

"Why sure, you are welcome to anything you need. But see—Enterprise—you can't catch to-day's train, and delays are dangerous. I'll tell you what we'll do, Jim, we'll 'phone your party."

Jim coloured. "I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, but I have to count the pennies these days."

"Now just forget it, Jim. This is my treat, and don't you say a word, or I'll report you to Mrs. Wilson."

Before Jim fully realized what was happening, Mr. Wilson had Tom Judson on the line, and then he stepped out, so that Jim could talk without embarrassment. "Well, what luck did you have, Jim?" he asked, as he came back to his desk. "Oh," said Jim, "he was very nice, and asked me to come and see him to-morrow."

"Why, that's fine, Jim—but you've got to come and square yourself with Mrs. Wilson, first. We'll expect you for supper and to spend your last night in Saskatoon, with us."

Jim offered many excuses, but they were of no avail. He finally promised—with sincere thanks—to accept.

When Jim had gone, Mr. Wilson asked his secretary to get Tom Judson, Enterprise, on the 'phone. Though he did not know him personally, he had heard

about him as a fine specimen of a Western pioneer merchant, and of course Mr. Wilson's firm was widely known.

What Mr. Wilson told Tom Judson about Jim, made it reasonably certain that Jim's chances for landing the job, were very good.

The evening with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson passed very pleasantly. After dinner, Mr. Wilson took Jim into the den. "Now Jim," he said, "I think I know your position fairly well. You could write home for money, and—if you wish to go home, the family would receive you with open arms ; but you've got the Douglas spirit, and have determined to fight your own battles. I like you all the better for it, and you may be sure Mrs. Wilson and I will respect your wishes, and keep mum. But I have a proposition to make. I don't think Tom Judson would ask you to go to Enterprise unless he had a pretty good idea that you would suit him. Here is \$25.00, which will be a loan to you. It will pay your way there, and meet your immediate requirements."

"Really, Mr. Wilson, I had no thought of such a thing. I'm not at all certain of getting the job. Would you take my watch as security ? My father and mother gave it to me, and on that account, as well as its value, I would certainly redeem it sometime."

"Now Jim, please don't talk that way. You are all the security I ask. I couldn't look your dad in the face again if I demanded any such thing from his son." So Jim accepted the loan, and the next morning took the train for Enterprise.

Jim arrived in Enterprise in the afternoon, and went directly to Mr. Judson's office. Tom Judson was an old Ontario boy, who had lived in the West for twenty years. He had owned the site of Enterprise, and was

one of the first to open a business in the new town. He was a shrewd business man, who had an uncanny gift for sizing-up people. Tom was not long discovering what he wanted to know about Jim and his qualifications. He liked his frank expression and straightforward answers.

"I have some references here, Mr. Judson," said Jim.

"That's all right," said Tom, without looking at them. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a six months' try-out. Either one of us may end the agreement by giving one week's notice, but if we are both satisfied, we will carry on for six months, and then make a new deal. When can you start to work?"

"I'm ready any time, sir, and will be glad to accept your terms. I'll write for my things at once."

"All right," said Tom, "find yourself a boarding-place this afternoon, and come to work to-morrow morning."

So Jim commenced life as a citizen of Enterprise, Saskatchewan.

In answer to Jim's enquiry, his employer recommended Mrs. Manders as a good woman who kept boarders. Jim interviewed her at once, and moved in that afternoon.

"Good morning, Mr. Morgan," said Tom Judson as, the next day, Rev. Hugh Morgan, minister of the United Church, came into the store. "Shake hands with Jim Douglas—Jim, this is our minister, Mr. Morgan."

"I am very glad to meet you, Jim," said the minister. "I heard when I was at the Post Office that a young man from Ontario had arrived to work with Mr. Judson, and I came in to say 'welcome to Enterprise.'"

"Thanks very much, Mr. Morgan," said Jim. "I'm

a member of the United Church, and am glad to meet the minister."

Hugh Morgan was in his early thirties. He was admirably equipped for work in a new and growing community. He loved the West, ever since he had come to it from the University, where he was recognized as a good student, a leader in the Literary Society, and a valued member of the football and hockey teams. He was popular with his friends for his manliness and modest bearing, as well as his love of fun and clean sport. By the Conference leaders, he was regarded as one of the most promising of the younger ministers, one who could be depended on to serve his people with loyal devotion. Mrs. Morgan was a Huron County girl—Mary Pierson—whose people had moved to the Moose Jaw district when she was a child. She graduated from the Regina Normal School, and taught for a few years. She and Hugh met when he came as a summer supply, to her school district, during his second summer as a student preacher. A delightful romance developed, which led to their marriage a few months after Hugh's ordination. Mary made a most suitable companion for Hugh.

Young Jack Winter had helped to unload the things, and unpack them, when they arrived at the manse. He was asked by some of the other boys, what she was like. "Gosh, she's a knockout," said Jack. "She's got eyes that snap, and a smile that gets you. She's a good looker too, and, say, she can handle herself as nimble as a kitten. You should'a seen her athletic outfit—skates and boots, tennis rackets, running shoes, sweaters and sports clothes—I'll say our minister is a lucky guy—and so are the girls of this burg."

It was not long before Jim became a member of the Manse Fireside Group. It was formed by the

minister and his wife, primarily to get acquainted with newcomers. The personnel changed from week to week, as strangers were introduced, and as intimate friends took turns in extending hospitality. The group did not always meet at the manse, but in various homes. It began when the manse was thrown open to serve this friendly purpose, and the name was first applied by Mrs. Lynian, as she and others were saying good-night to the host and hostess at the manse door.

"We're so happy to be in the 'Manse Fireside Group'. it's bringing the old-timers and the newcomers together in a delightful fellowship." The name stuck.

The weeks passed into months. Jim's work kept him busy, and he was glad of it. Everybody was friendly, and that indefinable thing called the Western spirit cast its spell over him, so that Jim began to feel that he belonged, and was fast becoming a real Westerner.

The day the six months' contract with Mr. Judson expired, Jim was called into the office. "Well Jim," said Mr. Judson, "the calendar reminds me that the time has come when you and I must talk business. I don't mind saying that I am well pleased with your work. You have won the goodwill of our customers, and our business is showing healthy progress. I hope you are content to stay with us."

"Thank you," said Jim, "I am glad my work meets with your approval, but the benefits have not been one-sided. I have learned much in the six months I have been with you. I have no other plans, and will be glad to continue my work, if you want me to do so. And by the way, this is my twenty-second birthday."

"Shake, Jim," said Tom. "Many happy returns. Now for our contract, I propose to increase your salary,

and if business continues to prosper, you may expect a tidy bonus at the end of the year."

"That is a generous offer, and I will do my best to deserve it," said Jim.

"Don't mention it," said Tom Judson ; "you'll earn every penny of it. From to-day you are the manager of this business. I will, of course, be right at your elbow whenever my help is needed, and we'll consult each other in all matters of importance ; but I want to be released from the details of business management, that I may have more time for my farm, and to do some reading. Also, my wife has been wanting me to take her for a trip, for a long time. Now, for the first time, I feel that I dare plan to leave the business."

THE NEW PRINCIPAL

JIM had been with the firm a little over a year, and was one afternoon replacing some goods on a shelf, when a young man entered the store. Jim's face was turned so that he couldn't see the visitor, but the visitor had caught sight of him, and in a moment Jim was surprised to hear : "Why, if it isn't Jim Douglas!"

Jim turned quickly, and a smile broke over his countenance : "Fred Thompson, for the love of mike, where did you come from?"

"Just blew in this afternoon. I'm the new school principal."

"Well I'll be jiggered," said Jim. "I knew they were expecting the new teacher to-day, the boss left the store a little while ago, to go to the train."

"Yes, I met him," said Fred. "He's on the School

Board, you know. I had a chat with him, and the other members, and I asked about a boarding place. He told me to come over here. Said he had a young fellow from Ontario managing his store. 'Go to the hardware store and ask for Jim,' he said. You could have knocked me over when I caught sight of you. I knew you came West, but the last word I had, you were in Manitoba. I'm mighty glad you're here, Jim, for believe me, when my contract was signed I had a bad attack of homesickness, and I wondered if I could stick it."

"Oh, I know the feeling, Fred, but you'll find that we have a fine bunch here, and I'm tickled pink that you've come. Now we'll go over and interview Mrs. Manders."

"Ma," said Jim, when they met the good lady in her home, "I want you to meet a friend of mine—Fred Thompson. He's the new Principal. We went to High School together down East. Fred wants a boarding place, so I brought him over to the best one I know."

"Now Jim, you flatterer, you know we are just plain folks, but if Mr. Thompson will put up with what you have to be satisfied with, I think there is room for him."

"I'm sure Jim looks as if it agrees with him," said Fred. "I never saw him look better."

"Come this way, then," said Ma, "and I'll show you your room. It's next to Jim's, and there is a door between, which you may keep locked, or not, as you wish."

The terms were soon agreed upon, and that evening Jim helped Fred move his trunk. The boys decided to put both beds in one room and to use the other as a living room. That night they had a long talk.

"When did you come West, Fred?"

"Oh, when I left High School I was uncertain what

to do, but, by a lucky break I got a chance to come to Regina. An aunt of mine, whose husband is a traveller, wanted me to come and be a general jobber about the house during his absence, and in return, offered to put me through Normal School. I graduated a year ago last June, taught a country school for a year, and when your School Board advertised, I applied and was accepted."

They had a great night, talking about old times and the school-mates they had both known. The sound of merry laughter and animated conversation could be heard coming from their room, as Jim and Fred lived over again the happy days of the past, and forged anew a refreshing friendship.

On Sunday morning the boys slept till nine-thirty. Jim had worked late Saturday night, and by the time baths were over, and they had talked themselves out, it was midnight before lights were off. Jim bounded out of bed, calling to Fred: "Wake up, old man. I've promised to introduce you to the bunch at School, and we'll have to make it snappy."

"What's that?" said the still sleepy Fred. "This isn't Monday, you're dreaming, old man."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said Jim, "that we are part of a United Church field and that our minister can only be with us on Sunday evenings. But we have a bang-up Sunday school. Believe it or not, I'm the teacher of a group of twenty-five senior boys. Gord. McCarrell, the station agent, is superintendent; Dr. Edgar teaches a mixed Bible class, and, as he is sometimes called away to remove an appendix or to see that some little stranger gets a proper start in the world, we have Mrs. Lyman, who used to be a deaconess, as assistant. We have all grades, and some of your staff are fine workers."

"Oh, Jim," said Mr. Scott, the choir leader, "I hear that your friend the new principal is a singer, I want to meet him."

"I hope you'll help us in the choir," said the leader when he met Fred.

"Well, thank you," said Fred. "I enjoy choir work, and will be glad to help." Fred possessed a rich baritone voice. He had taken voice culture from an excellent teacher, and was a good reader, and from then on, his voice was frequently heard in solos, and in duet and quartette work.

Jim and Fred were inseparable pals. They had common interests and, while quite unlike in appearance and characteristics, they made a fine team. They were both fond of outdoor sports, and took delight in playing and directing games for the boys and girls. Fred was welcomed to the Fireside Group, and took an active part in the discussions. This group met to study books and public questions, and the practical application of Christian principles to the life of the community. They gave fine support to Rev. Hugh in the many-sided work of his ministry. The work for boys and girls, through the group's agency, was thoroughly organized, and when a young people's society was formed, it received the backing of the group.

Six months after Fred became Principal, another teacher was added to the staff, in the person of Ada Curran. Ada was a Manitoba girl, who had been teaching in Saskatchewan for a year and a-half.

"What's your new teacher like?" asked Jim, when Fred came to supper the day of her arrival.

"She's a bright girl, and certainly good to look at. I'm afraid she won't last long at the school, though: for if she isn't already spoken for, some of you fellows will be after her, or I miss my guess."

"There isn't one of us will have a ghost of a chance," said Jim. You've evidently formed a high opinion of the young lady already, and daily association will doubtless 'make the heart grow fonder'."

"Well, she's coming over to the Fireside Group to-morrow night, so you'll have an opportunity of meeting her."

Ada very soon won her way into the affectionate regard of the members of the group, and became popular as a leader of girls' work and in the activities of the young people's society.

"Say Ma," said Jim to Mrs. Manders one morning, while he and Fred were having breakfast, "could you have the creaks taken out of the stairs?"

"Why, what are you up to now, Jim?"

"Well, I don't like being awakened by the creaking of the stairs when my room-mate comes home in the wee small hours of the morning."

"What I object to," said Fred, "is the double-barrelled snoring that goes on in the other bed."

"I think I'll speak to the School Board about overworking their staff, as they are doing," said Jim. "I find the Principal is not getting his proper sleep, having to sit up with one of his colleagues two or three times a week—doing school work, no doubt."

"Now Jim, you old tease, I just wish you'd settle down to one girl yourself. There are several nice young ladies who think you are about right. Why don't you snap one of them up?"

"Well, Ma, if you don't get those stairs fixed, I may be driven to something like that, in self-defence."

Fred made his escape, while Jim continued the discussion with the landlady before he too went off to the day's work.

"Well Jim, old man, congratulate me!" So said

Fred when he arrived home one night, and found Jim reading in bed.

"What's it all about, Fred? Has the School Board given you a raise?"

"School Board nothing," said Fred. "The finest girl in town has promised to be my wife."

"Great Scott! Is it as serious as that? I feared the worst, my boy, when I saw the way you were heading. Every creak in those blessed stairs seemed to sound a warning."

Then Jim hopped out of bed, grabbed hold of Fred, to dance a jig. "Of course I congratulate you. Ada is a dandy girl, and I'm mighty glad you have won her. I think she's lucky too—but, by George, she'll have to answer for taking away my room-mate. When is it to be, Fred?"

"Oh, in the summer holidays. We're to be married at her home in Manitoba, and you're the groomsman, so don't make any other plans. Both Ada and I feel that we couldn't be properly married without you."

"Say, Ma," said Jim, the next morning, "you needn't get those stairs fixed after all."

"Oh indeed, you rascal, the man is coming to do them to-day."

"Well charge it up to Fred, then, for he's responsible, and now he's going to leave us."

Mrs. Manders looked from one to the other.

"Better 'fess up, Fred," said Jim.

"Well, it's not so bad as it sounds, Ma," said Fred.

"I told Jim last night that Ada Curran and I are going to be married in the summer."

"Well, I'm really glad," said Mrs. Manders.

"Mind you, I'm sorry you will be leaving us, but I think Miss Curran is a lovely girl, and now we will be able to keep you both in town."

The wedding took place on a lovely day in July. A cousin of Ada's was bridesmaid, and Jim supported Fred. The happy couple were given a reception by a jolly crowd of relatives and friends, and enjoyed a trip by rail and lake, to Ontario, where they visited Fred's people, and many interesting scenes. They called on the Douglas family and other friends of Fred in Norwood Grove.

Jim motored down, and after his pleasant duties had been performed, and he had helped to give the happy couple an uproarious send-off, he drove to Pembina Valley, to pay a surprise visit to the Douglas family.

"Someone has just turned in to our place," said Marjory to her mother, as she noticed the car from the window.

"Oh, I guess it's the man who was coming to see John about the new silo."

Marjory waited until the car emerged from the trees, when she got a good look at the driver. "Why, mother"—but what she said was lost as she threw open the door and rushed to welcome her cousin.

Mother had by this time reached the open door, just in time to see Marjory throw her arms around a young man.

"Look, Mother," Marjory shouted, as soon as she was released from Jim's embrace—"See who's here—it's cousin Jim."

Auntie's welcome was no less cordial.

"Father and John are out in the barn. I saw them come in from the field a few minutes ago," said Marjory, "let's go out and surprise them!"

"Say, Dad," said Marjory, as they came upon them while both men were busy and unable to see her, or

Jim. "There's a young man here who wants to see you and John."

They could hear Mr. Douglas say, "You'd better go and speak to him, John—it's likely the silo man."

"Do they provide silos for modern prodigals?" said Jim as John advanced in the dim light of the horse barn to meet him.

"Jim, you duffer, where did you come from? My, but I'm glad to see you—and how well you look!"

By this time Uncle Charlie had recognized Jim's voice, and came hurrying with outstretched hand and a smiling welcome.

Jim stayed a week, and had the time of his life. They kept him on the go, and had the young people, including all available members of the famous ball team, in to meet him. What a night it was!

It was with regret that Jim finally had to say farewell, and turn his car toward the West, and the business that was calling him.

TOM JUDSON'S PROPOSITION

On the fourth anniversary of Jim's arrival in Enterprise, Tom Judson, sitting in his office at the back of the store, called to him—"Oh Jim, can you spare me a few minutes?"

Jim stepped into Tom's office.

"At your service, Tom. What can I do for you?"

"Do you know what day this is, Jim?"

"I'm not likely to forget. It was on this date, four years ago, that I came to work here. I was thinking of it this morning, and was mighty glad. I want to

thank you for the fine treatment you have given me and the trust you have reposed in me."

"Jim, I think it was a good day for both of us, and Mrs. Judson thinks about as much of you as if you were our own son. By the way, was she speaking to you about coming up to the house?"

"Yes, she called me yesterday, inviting me to dinner at seven this evening. I was just hurrying to get home, to dress."

"That's fine," said Tom. "I won't keep you now, but I want to have a chat with you, after dinner."

"I'm free for the evening, and will be glad to give you all the time you want," said Jim.

When Jim arrived at the Judson home, he found it brilliantly lighted. He received a warm welcome from the hostess and was ushered into the spacious living room, where he found as fellow guests, Rev. Hugh and Mrs. Morgan, Dr. and Mrs. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, and Fred and Ada Thompson. Jim sat at Mrs. Judson's right, who said: "This is the fourth anniversary of Jim's coming to us, and we thought we'd like to celebrate."

Everybody clapped, and expressed pleasure at being present for the occasion. Jim blushed on finding himself the centre of attention, and also expressed his thanks.

"It was certainly a lucky day for me when I arrived in Enterprise. When I think of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, I am reminded of what a young foreign servant-girl said about her mistress and the man of the house. A friend asked her:

"'How do you like Mrs. M.?'"

"'Like her?' said the girl. 'She's an angel.'"

"'And how do you like Mr. M.?'"

"'Ummmm!' she said. 'There is no word.'"

"I would say of both Mr. and Mrs. Judson, 'there is no word' by which to describe their kindness to me."

After dinner—while the others were chatting around the fireplace, Tom asked if he and Jim might be excused for a little while.

"We have a little matter of business to attend to," he explained.

"Now Jim," said Tom, when he had closed the door of his den, "I have a proposition to make to you. I feel that I have too many irons in the fire and that I must ease up a little. I have decided to dispose of the Hardware and Implement business. You know the business thoroughly, and to your good management I owe much for its present healthy condition. How would you like to buy me out?"

"Why," said Jim, "I'd like nothing better, if you really mean to quit, but I'm not sure that I can finance it."

"I've thought of that, Jim. You haven't withdrawn any of the bonus money, and I find that it now amounts to about \$1,200.00. I'd rather see you take over the business than anyone else I know, so the price will be low, and the terms liberal."

"Give me two weeks' option," said Jim, "and I'll do my best."

That night when the party was over, Jim walked home with Fred and Ada, and the three of them discussed the matter. Fred had for some time been assisting Jim in spare hours, in the office, and had become interested in the business.

"What do you say, Fred, about forming a partnership with me, and giving up teaching, for business?"

"We've been talking about our future plans," said Fred, "and hadn't quite made up our minds, but frankly Jim, this proposition appeals to me."

"What do you think, Ada?"

"Oh, I think it's great, if we can raise the money. You boys ought to stay together, and I'm sure you would do well. I'm very fond of Enterprise, and will be quite happy to settle down here."

Fred had received a legacy of \$1,000.00, when his father died, and had invested it in Government Securities, and he also had insurance policies on which he could raise a thousand more if he desired. Ada had some of her own, which she gladly offered. So, in two weeks, Jim reported to Mr. Judson that he and Fred Thompson were prepared to take over the business. The agreements were drawn up and duly executed, and the new firm of "Douglas and Thompson, Limited", was launched. The buildings were freshly painted, the stock overhauled, and an opening sale advertised. Customers old and new came in large numbers, and the new business was off to a good start.

Enterprise itself was growing rapidly. New business blocks were being erected to take care of the expanding trade. A flour mill was established, two new grain elevators were built; the Hospital was enlarged, as was the Central School; and a four-roomed school was built to serve the east end of the town. Along with many improvements, some undesirable elements began to appear.

Jim was hailed on the street as he came out of the Post Office, one day, by Rev. Hugh Morgan. The minister, who usually greeted his friends with a radiant smile, was looking solemn.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Jim, "you look as if you had lost a barrel of sermons."

"It's worse than that, Jim. I've got information that may lead to a barrage of new sermons that will

shock the town. I want you and Fred to come over to the manse at nine o'clock to-night. The Doctor and Gordon will be there."

"All right," said Jim, "I'll be on hand."

That evening these five friends had a conference. For some time Rev. Hugh had been aware of a bad influence at work among the young people of the town. Thanks to the fine support he had received, not many of his own young people were as yet affected, but some whom he had been trying to reach were slipping. "I think that new outfit—Miller and Murphy—who opened up the restaurant and dance hall are a bad lot," said Gordon. "I got a line on them from one of the train men. They were in a bootleg racket before coming here until it got too hot for them there, and one of them ran a dance hall."

"I hear that the new ice-cream parlour and confectionery recently opened next door to the restaurant is part of the same concern," said Fred.

"Yes," said Gordon. "Jacques, who runs it, is a brother-in-law of Murphy. They are playing into one another's hands, and are out to attract the young life of this town, for their own enrichment."

"I called to see Mrs. Malone yesterday," said Hugh. "She is greatly worried about Pat. He is in with some young people who frequent these places. They have recently organized a club, with Dave Smart as president and Jack Miller as secretary. The activities of the club centre about the dance hall, and they have recently started Sunday night suppers at the restaurant, where members may dine and play cards. Dances are held twice a week, where revelry holds sway, and recently, a midnight Frolic was staged, from which young people of both sexes were seen going away with evidences of intoxication."

"I propose," said Dr. Edgar, "that we organize, to offset the evil influence of this gang."

"I second the motion," said Fred. "Let's get in touch with Father Duffy and Rev. Mr. Hall the Anglican minister. We must capture the young life of our community for good, wholesome social life."

For some weeks conferences were held. The priest and the rector readily consented to co-operate. It was decided to organize a Young People's Federation, to supplement the fine work of the church groups. An executive was chosen, with Jim Douglas as president, and representatives of the three churches on the executive. A building was secured, and was fitted up as an assembly room and gymnasium. The committee made elaborate plans for the official opening. They interviewed young people, sent out printed invitations, made announcements through the Press and pulpits. A fine programme was arranged for the occasion. Some of Saskatoon's leading artists were engaged. Dr. Charles was invited, and gave one of his humorous and informative talks. Novel schemes of getting acquainted were prepared, and from the singing of the National Anthem at the beginning, till the refreshments at the close, there wasn't a dull moment. The sentiment of the big crowd assembled found classical expression from one young fellow, who was overheard remarking to a chum: "Gee whiz, George, it was a hum dinger!"

With the finest of the young people entering heartily into this Federation, the Miller-Murphy establishment became the rendezvous of the fast set, and the management catered to their tastes, with the result that several wild parties staged there came to the attention of the Town Council. Alderman Watson brought the matter up at a meeting. "Mr. Mayor," he said,

"my attention has been called to frequent happenings in the restaurant and dance hall on Main Street. There appears to be a lot of drinking in these places, and the character of the functions is not good. We licence these premises and therefore ought to exercise some supervision. I move that the Chief of Police notify these people that we are not satisfied, and that if they expect to have their licence renewed, there will have to be considerable improvement."

"This all comes because of Jim Douglas and those busy-bodies he has working with him," said Murphy in discussing the matter with Dave Smart. "We've got to weed out some of these old women from the Council, and elect some real fellows. Then we'll smash the blasted Federation."

THE CIVIC ELECTION

THE first Monday in December was Election Day in Enterprise. It was regarded as a foregone conclusion that the Council would be re-elected by acclamation. Besides, Mayor Alex. Bowden, who was a pioneer citizen, and an implement dealer, there were six aldermen—all reputable citizens: John Scott (retired farmer), Harry Clarke (insurance and real estate), Fred Watson (printer and Labour leader), Walter Cunningham (baker and confectioner), Mel. Lewis (coal and wood), and W. J. Holmes (grocer).

Some time before Nomination Day, it was rumoured that there would be a contest, and where men met the matter was discussed. Many did not regard the rumour seriously, though some were heard to remark that "a little new blood wouldn't be a bad thing".

Then, one evening *The Clarion* announced : "Acceding to the request of numerous citizens, Joseph Norrie has decided to throw his hat in the ring, for Mayor". "Joe", as he was popularly known about town, was a sporting man. He had hitherto taken little interest in civic affairs. He was a dealer in race horses and Holstein cattle, and was generally regarded as one who favoured a wide-open town. His candidature, therefore, caused a mild sensation.

"Have you seen Joe Norrie's announcement in *The Clarion*?" asked Walter Cunningham when Fred Watson came into the store.

"Yes, I came in to talk to you about it," said Fred. "What does it mean? Who are back of this move?"

"I don't know," said Walter, "but there's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere."

"I'm sure of it," said Fred. "I think that Miller-Murphy outfit have been working at this ever since we made them clean up. I am told that several aldermanic candidates committed to Joe's leadership, will also be placed in the field. They're out to gain control of the administration, or I miss my guess."

That Fred had guessed right was made clear a couple of days later, when *The Clarion* carried the further announcement that Dave Smart (lawyer), Tim Milligan (auctioneer), and Art Duggan (barber and billiard-parlour operator) would run for aldermen.

The annual civic meeting, held on the night following nominations, drew the largest crowd of citizens that had attended such a meeting for years. The Mayor gave an account of the work of the Council during the year. "We have endeavoured to serve your interests faithfully. I have had splendid co-operation from my colleagues on the Council," he said, "and I desire to tender them my sincere appreciation.

The prevailing depression has prevented the carrying out of certain public works, but these projects have not been abandoned—only postponed. We are glad that crop conditions in our locality have been good. Though prices for commodities are low, yet our business men have had a very good year, and there are comparatively few of our families that are not able to provide for their own needs." He concluded by asking for their continued support.

The retiring aldermen spoke briefly and appealed for a renewed expression of confidence from the citizens on Election Day.

Joe Norrie opened fire on the Mayor and Council.

"The Mayor has told you," said Joe, "that there has been harmony on the Council. I don't doubt it. I would say there has been too much of it. We want some men on the Council who will stir things up, and get things moving in this town. In prosperous times we might take a chance on a Council such as we have, who seem to be in a conspiracy of silence and inactivity, but in hard times we want hustlers who will be up and doing. I think it's time for a change. These men have been sitting on the Council Board so long, they think it's a davenport."

"I appeal to you for your votes on Monday next, for Mayor, and I want you to send to the Council some live ones, who will help me keep the grass from growing on our streets. Enterprise has been a one-horse town long enough." The campaign grew warmer as the week passed, and on Election Day a heavy vote was polled. Mayor Bowden was re-elected, but by the narrow margin of twenty seven votes, and Dave Smart and Tim Mulligan defeated Fred Watson and John Scott.

Late that night, about a hundred jubilant supporters of the Norrie ticket, met in the dance hall. Cheers

for the candidates resounded through the hall. All sat down to a banquet prepared in their honour, and liquid refreshments were freely partaken of.

The successful candidates thanked their supporters and declared their intention of carrying on during the year as best they could, looking forward to the time when they would be surrounded by "live wires" in place of the "dead heads" who had been re-elected.

Joe Norrie responded to insistent calls. His rising was the occasion for a great outburst of enthusiasm and the singing of "for he's a jolly good fellow". Joe was showing signs of the strain of the campaign, and also the effects of the "refreshments"—of which he had consumed a copious supply.

"My friends," he said—"hic—we've won a great victory. I didn't get into the Mayor's chair—hic—but, by heck, I scared the liver out of the man who did—hic." There was loud applause.

"Let me see—where was I?—hic—oh yes, we've got a foothold, bet your life we have, and we're out for more. There ain't enough Douglas's in the—hic—doggoned Federation, to keep us out next time."

Loud hurrahs greeted this outburst. Joe was sobering under excitement, and so proceeded: "I move that we start in from to-night, to prepare for the next 'lection, and we'll meet again a year from now, to celebrate the beginning of a new day for this up-and-comin' burg."

This was boisterously endorsed, and all drank to "the day", after which Tim Mulligan led the crowd in singing "There'll be a hot time in the old town that night."

The stream of life in the town flowed quietly for some weeks. The warning issued to the Miller-Murphy interests seemed to have accomplished its

purpose. There was noticeable improvement, and in due course the licences were renewed : the Chief of Police being instructed, however, to maintain a strict oversight of all places licensed by the town.

The new members of Council, while inclined to be critical, and recommending some public works involving considerable sums of money, did not openly advocate any sensational policies, and in general they worked well with the other members of Council.

The Young People's Federation continued to flourish. The Assembly Hall and gymnasium were thronged. There were numerous skating parties, social evenings, debates and discussions on live issues.

Business with the firm of Douglas & Thompson continued to be satisfactory. The partners were as congenial to one another as David and Jonathan, and being well liked and always on the job to serve the public, the business was becoming well established and was showing healthy progress.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

"I THINK this town has gone bughouse over music," said Steve Weber, one of the leading curlers.

"Why, what's the matter, Steve?" asked Alf Hammon, to whom the remark was addressed.

"Why, holy smoke," replied Steve, "we had to postpone a couple of important games last night, because fellows were practising for the Festival. It makes me sick."

"The curlers are not the only ones who are up against it," said Alf. "My wife wanted to have a bridge party while her sister was here, and she had

set the date. Then she got busy on the telephone, calling up her friends. Would you believe it, she had to change the night—on account of Festival rehearsals."

"I'll be jiggered," said Steve. "What's all this Festival fuss about, anyway?"

"As far as I can see," said Alf, "the bug was carried here by Cope Scott, the choir leader. You know he always attends the Provincial Musical Festivals. The last one was held in Regina, where for several days vocal and instrumental contests of all sorts—from individual competitions to those of large orchestras and choirs and choruses—were held."

"Why, I didn't know it had grown to be such a big affair," said Steve.

"Yes, Scott says it is now a characteristic feature of Western Canadian life, attracts thousands of people, and is doing more to cultivate a taste for good music than all other agencies combined."

"He sure has this town by the ears over it. How did he do it?"

"Well, he persuaded several young people to compete in different competitions at Regina, and of course quite a crowd went down to listen in. They brought home several awards, and those who were there were solid on the idea. They say it was great entertainment, and the criticism of the distinguished adjudicators brought from Britain and Eastern Canada for these Western Festivals, were worth the cost of the trip."

"Was it Scott's idea to get the choir, and the men's chorus into this game?"

"Well, yes, but the idea was taken up and both organizations are backing it one hundred per cent. For one thing, they know that Scott is an exceptionally capable conductor, and they have pledged him their

loyal support in preparing for the Festival, to be held in Saskatoon, in May."

"Well thanks, Alf, for telling me about it. Maybe it isn't so bad after all. Anyway, we've got to hand it to Scott for putting over something that is a bigger attraction to a lot of people than curling and bridge."

The choir, at the beginning of the season, voted unanimously to enter the Class "B" choir contest—under fifty voices—and a little later on, the men's chorus persuaded him to train them also.

Cope Scott was a native of Glasgow, where he had received a thorough musical training. Coming to Canada, he bought a farm near the town of Enterprise, and, when the choir in the United Church was formed, he became its leader. With the growth of the town, the choir had grown until it now numbered more than forty members.

The men's chorus was a later achievement, brought into being when men in the choir and outside of it wanted Scott to lead them. Both organizations made steady progress. While the leader's first concern was the preparation of his choir to lead the services of praise on Sunday, both the choir and the chorus gave much needed help in concert work over a wide area in the surrounding towns and country districts.

The winter passed into spring, and May, with its Festival Week, arrived. A special train was chartered to carry Festival visitors and contestants from Enterprise and all intermediate stations, to Saskatoon.

It was a bright, warm morning when nearly two hundred of the inhabitants, all in holiday mood, boarded the Festival Special. At every station along the way more people came on, so that when the train pulled in at Saskatoon it was crowded throughout.

The first day was taken up with various competitions—vocal and instrumental, in three centres. Enterprise entrants were successful in junior piano and violin ; the ladies' trio won first place, and the mixed Quartette was a close second. Several other contestants were well up in the lists.

Class "A" choirs—over fifty voices—provided the evening programme in the city's largest church. All three adjudicators—one from London, England, another from Edinburgh, and a well known Toronto musical leader, sat together during the singing by the six choirs competing. The criticisms of the senior adjudicator were interesting and constructive. While pointing out defects here and there and making suggestions, he said : " My colleagues and I are delighted at the standard of excellence attained by these choirs of Western Canada. We congratulate them and the people of the Prairies, that there is evidence of such widespread interest in good music."

A Regina choir carried off the honours, but it was closely followed, in the marking, by the other choirs.

Class " B " choirs were on the programme for the next afternoon. There were five choirs, and in the draw Enterprise was assigned second place. The skilful and painstaking leadership of the past months was in evidence when, in response to Scott's baton, the choir responded as a unit. The test piece was a difficult one, but the choir, accustomed to a high standard and inspired by the great occasion, excelled itself. The competition came to a close and there was a hush over the large assemblage when the adjudicator mounted the platform.

He began by saying, " We have received the most pleasing surprise of our tour, in this competition. Knowing that the choirs in this class were restricted

in numbers and came from smaller communities and churches, we anticipated—what shall I say?—some amateurish work. And to be quite frank, we heard some—though I must say every choir gave a creditable performance. One choir was so outstanding as to astonish us. We have awarded the shield to choir number two.”

Here he was interrupted by a great outburst of applause.

“And we desire to congratulate the leader on the achievement of a technique and a sympathetic interpretation that we have not heard excelled anywhere.”

That night, Enterprise citizens stayed up to welcome the “conquering heroes” on their return about midnight, and there was great rejoicing. The band played “When Johnnie comes marching home” and other lively airs and the Mayor, in a brief speech, expressed the gratification of the citizens and said a civic banquet would be tendered to all contestants in a few days.

The banquet was a gala affair. The hall and tables were beautifully decorated, and the shield won by the choir was conspicuously displayed. The Mayor presided and there were speeches by prominent citizens. Jim Douglas had been asked to make the presentation to Scott, and in so doing, he said: “Mr. Mayor, fellow citizens and guests, this is a proud night for the people of Enterprise. We went to Saskatoon confident that our musicians would give a good account of themselves. It was with much satisfaction that we listened to them in the various competitions, and I feel sure that the Saskatoon friends who were near me must have thought I had gone ‘batty’ when the announcement in the Class ‘B’ competition was made. My

face must have said—even if my lips did not shout it—‘I told you so.’ We desire to be known as a progressive town, but not merely in material advancement. You may remember that on the night before the capture of Quebec, when Wolfe and his men were sailing down the St. Lawrence, he was heard repeating the opening lines of Grey’s Elegy—

‘The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea ;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.’”

Turning to one of his officers, he remarked : “I would rather be the author of that poem, than take Quebec.”

“Enterprise is showing itself capable of keen interest in the cultivation of these gifts of the soul—poetry and music.”

And, turning to the leader, Jim added, “To you, Mr. Scott, more than to all the others, we owe this evidence of musical appreciation among us ; and it is with the utmost pleasure that we greet you at this banquet, and ask you to accept this purse of pure metal, as a token of our regard.”

Little Helen Morgan handed the purse of gold to Mr. Scott, who gallantly kissed her in return. Then he said, “I am deeply gratified at this more-than-generous gesture on the part of the citizens. My part has been greatly exaggerated. I am proud of those who have put up with my criticisms and my exacting demands for many months, and who acquitted themselves with such distinction at the Festival. In thanking you, Mr. Mayor, and Mr. Douglas, and the citizens generally, may I have the privilege of passing on a large share of your appreciation, to them. May I

ask that the choir and the chorus and the other competitors stand—and now, fellow citizens, will you join me in giving them a well deserved tribute."

This was done, with three cheers and a tiger, led by Mr. Scott. The choir and chorus united in a specially prepared song, containing humorous local hits, and voicing the thanks of the singers to their hosts, and their affection for their leader.

EDITH PLANS A CELEBRATION

THE summer passed with its usual activity in sport. The local baseball team got into the semi-finals, and might have gone farther, if they had not lost three players through removal, just before the end of the season. Jim was one of the pitchers, and Fred was first baseman. They both were playing good ball, and did much to enable the Enterprise team to win an enviable reputation.

The Young People's Federation sponsored a field day of sports and a basket picnic, held on the spacious grounds of the Experimental Farm, and they backed the sports of the schools, and a Children's Fair.

On the first Monday in October, Jim sat in his office, looking over the mail which had just come in. Two or three personal letters were put aside till business letters were attended to, some interruptions occurred—callers to see Jim, and several times he had to go out to the store. Some letters had to be dictated to the stenographer at once, so it was 10.30 before Jim had a few moments in which to read his private correspondence. There was an invitation to speak at a Men's Club in a neighbouring town, and a call to a

Convention in Saskatoon. Jim picked up one letter addressed in the familiar handwriting of his sister Edith, and read as follows :

“ Dear old Jim :

This is not really a letter, It is a call from the old home to our Western member. Do you realize that it is seven years since you went West ? I'm writing strictly on my own. Mother and Dad know nothing of my plans, but Jim, Mother hasn't been very well lately, and she talks a lot about you. She and Dad will celebrate their thirtieth wedding anniversary on October 30th, and I want to give them a double surprise. The first one is that we'll have a wedding party here, with neighbours and all the nearby relatives, and can you guess what the second surprise is ? Well, I'll tell you. It's yourself Jim. I want you to come as the finest surprise package I can give Mother and Dad. I believe it would complete the celebration, and add years to their lives. Yes, I know that you have your business to look after, and that you have a great many irons in the fire, but I want you to come at all costs, for Jim, if you had to, you could start all over again and get a new business, but there's only one Mother and Dad. I'll look for a letter of acceptance by return mail.

With heaps of love,
Edith.

P.S.—I saw Grace Huston yesterday. She is on the staff of the Oshawa High School, you know. She asked for you, and wished to be remembered.”

Throughout the rest of the day, the contents of Edith's letter were much in Jim's mind, and the more he thought of the old home and the proposed celebration the more anxious he became to go.

"I say, Fred," said Jim, when the latter had closed the front door of the store at the end of the day's business. "I wish you would read this," at the same time handing him Edith's letter.

"Why, that's great, old man," said Fred. "Of course you'll go. I think it is splendid of Edith to plan the celebration, and it would not be complete without you."

"By George! it has made me lonesome to see them all," said Jim, "and if you think you can manage for a few weeks, I'd like very much to go."

"Sure, we'll manage. I'll feel as if I'm on a committee of arrangements with Edith, and I'm sure Ada will second my motion that you pack up and beat it for the 'old Ontario strand'. I'll get Tom Judson to come in each afternoon. He comes downtown nearly every day, anyway, and I know he would jump at the chance of getting behind the counter again."

When the news spread that Jim was preparing to go East, his friends joined in offering to help out, during his absence, in the many activities with which he was identified.

The night before he left he was guest for tea at the manse and, by eight o'clock, the living room was filled with a jolly crowd who had come to wish him a pleasant trip and a happy visit to his old home. Not to be outdone by the Ontario people, they asked Jim to take a message of congratulation to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, to be presented along with a handsome clock which he would find awaiting his arrival at Bowmanville.

"Don't you worry one minute about the business while you're gone," said Fred, as he clasped Jim's hand as the Eastbound train pulled into the Enterprise station. "I have the time of your life, and give my love to all the home folk."

So Jim started for home. He felt tired after the rush of preparation and was glad to settle down in the Pullman. After an appetizing lunch in the diner, he read with interest a new novel, which Ada Thompson had given him for the trip.

At Saskatoon, he stepped out for a walk up and down the platform. Jim had a friendly feeling for this bustling western city. He remembered his first visit, with the pleasant contacts he had made with several of its citizens, and the advertisement that had been the means of his going to Enterprise. He had frequently been in Saskatoon during the intervening years, and enjoyed the friendship of the Wilson's, and many others.

The trip was a most enjoyable one for Jim. The train was not crowded, and the service was excellent. Several westerners were going East to visit, and among them he found some very congenial travelling companions.

As he turned in for the night, after two days of travel, it was with the pleasing anticipation that before the next night, he would be in the old home again, surrounded by his mother, father, Edith and Don. He wondered what they would look like after seven years. Anyway, it would be great to be with them for the wedding anniversary.

"Seven-thuty, Suh! We'll be in Toronto at nine o'clock, Suh!" called the porter as he poked his black head through the curtains of the sleeping-car berth.

Jim rubbed his eyes and sat up. "Thanks, porter,"

he said, and proceeded to dress in the diminutive quarters of a lower berth. Pushing up the blind, he looked out at the vanishing landscape. "Well, well, this is old Ontario! It's good to see the crooked fences with their tiny fields, and the substantial farm homes and barns." Jim was soon washed and shaved and back in the observation car. He moved out on to the rear platform to have a breather, and to look about him as the train hurried on to the Queen City.

Seven years in the new West had done much for Jim. He had gone out an inexperienced youth. He came back a magnificent specimen of young manhood—bronzed with the sun, physically fit, and a young man who had made good—not only in business, but in the more important achievement of a robust and thoroughly likeable character. Jim might not be regarded in certain fashionable circles as a handsome fellow. He was not above the average height, but he had a straightforward look, and a merry laugh, and along with an ambition to be thorough in all he undertook, there was a genial kindness, that won for him many friends.

At Toronto he had three hours: just time enough to have breakfast and to do a little shopping. During the hunting season the year before, he had shot a huge bear. Its hide, with the massive head, prepared by an expert taxidermist, had been sent, to be his special contribution for the wedding celebration. In Toronto he intended to order flowers and to get some gifts for the family. He felt a bit strange when he stepped off at the Union Station and hurried toward the waiting-room. Reaching it, he tipped the red-cap, and was about to check his grips when he heard a happy shout, and Edith rushed towards him, throwing her arms about his neck.

"Hello, Sis," said Jim, when he had recovered from the agreeable assault. "How did you get here? I didn't expect you would have any time, with the party staged for this evening."

"Oh, I just couldn't wait any longer, Jim. Auntie arrived the other day, and a lot of the cooking and other preparations have been going on at the homes of the neighbours, so I told mother and dad that I had to run in to Toronto this morning. Don has the car out on Front Street, so we'll drive home together."

The two brothers stared at each other! Don had grown so—and Jim, he was always a hero to Don, and it was almost too good to believe that he was actually with them in Toronto. They had such a happy time, buying the things Jim wanted. Edith was sent off on commissions for the rest of the family, Jim supplying her with more than enough to purchase a gorgeous bouquet for the bride, and suitable gifts for each member. While she was thus engaged, the two boys conferred together on a present for her. They finally picked up a lovely wrist watch at a price that made Don think Jim was certainly extravagant. The man said it could be engraved at once, so Jim said he would call for it in a couple of hours.

The trio lunched together downtown, and people at nearby tables glanced with approving smiles at the flow of talk and laughter and evident enjoyment of the three young people.

When all was ready, the parcels were taken to the waiting car, and soon the city was left behind, and they were spinning along highway No. 2. It was great fun to be with Edith and Don again. How they talked! There were so many things Jim wanted to know about Mother and Dad, and the coming celebration. "They don't know I'm coming, do they?"

"No, indeed," Edith replied. "They will get the surprise of their lives to-day."

Jim noted some changes along the way. At Oshawa, he was surprised to see how the city had grown.

"Well, well," said Jim, a little later, "if this isn't Courtice! Do you remember when we used to go out to Ebenezer to the chicken suppers? I suppose the old church is still there? By the way, I met Frank Gordon when he and Mrs. Gordon were out to see her people last year. Frank certainly enjoyed his trip, and would make a real Westerner."

At Bowmanville, after picking up the gift of the Western friends, they left No. 2 and proceeded north, and soon Jim was asking all sorts of questions about the inhabitants as the car rolled past the farms that lined the highway. A few miles along a side road, at the top of a hill, Jim said "Stop here, Don, I want to get adjusted. Why, there is the old place where we were all born, and where Dad brought Mother a bride, thirty years ago to-day, and there's the old school, and the church across the way. That's Huston's house over there to the west, and the Saunders' to the north. Boy, it's good to be back! I can't tell you how I appreciate your meeting me in Toronto, and this wonderful drive."

Jim climbed into the back seat, along with the parcels, and in a few minutes Don turned the car in at the Douglas gate and stopped in front of the kitchen door, which they had managed to reach unobserved. Edith opened the door, and called "Hello, Mother!"

In a moment, Mrs. Douglas and auntie, who were busy in the pantry, came hurrying to greet her, closely followed by Mr. Douglas, and Uncle Harry, who had been listening to the radio in the living room. The two boys had remained on the veranda, out of sight.

"Well, daughter," said Mother Douglas as she kissed Edith, "we're glad you're home. I hope you had a good trip."

"Oh, just wonderful," said Edith.

"Where's Don?" said Father. "I guess I'd better help him carry in some things, for I know you young people have been shopping in Toronto."

Just at that moment, Don stepped in, saying "See what we picked up in Toronto!" But his words were drowned in joyous exclamations, as mother and father, and aunt and uncle, recognized Jim.

"My dear boy," was all Mrs. Douglas could say, as she hugged Jim, and Jim's eyes were moist with unashamed tears, as mother and son embraced each other.

Father waited his turn to welcome his son, with beaming face. "We did so want to see you, Jim, but we didn't dare hope you'd get here to-day, for this is our thirtieth wedding anniversary."

"Yes, I know," said Jim, "thanks to Edith. She wrote and urged me to time my coming so as to be here to-day. My, but it's good to see you all again, and this old place. We've had a great time coming out from Toronto. What a pleasant surprise I got at the Union Station there; and the drive home was glorious, and it's great that uncle and auntie are here for to-day. This is a real celebration."

"You ain't seen nothin' yet!" quoted Don. "This sister of ours is some celebrator."

"Now Don, not another word—but Mother and Dad, since the prodigal has returned, we must have a fatted calf—or turkey or something—and you'd better go off and array yourselves for the feast."

The parcels were carried into the house, and Don put the car in the garage. There was a rush to put

things in order and for everyone to dress. Edith and Auntie were the first to emerge, and they were just in time to welcome the first of the guests—the Huston family, father, mother and Rod, who came carrying a big turkey, hot from the oven.

More cars were arriving every minute, and parcel after parcel was deposited in the pantry, or in the living room, where the wedding gifts were being placed. Conspicuous among them was Jim's bear rug, stretched on the floor in front of the fireplace, and on the mantel—the beautiful gift from the Enterprise Fireside Group. There was a great buzz of conversation, congratulations and laughter, and Jim received a warm welcome from everyone.

Edith and Auntie had the capable assistance of Mrs. Huston, and other neighbour women, in preparing the wedding feast, and soon the table—extended to its full length—presented an attractive appearance. In the centre was a huge wedding cake, and the china, silverware, cut glass, and a profusion of flowers added much to the beauty of the scene.

The bride and groom were escorted to the table by the minister—Rev. George Bishop—and the rest of the happy group took their places. What a feast it was! There was turkey, done to a turn, and stuffed to the neck, vegetables and pickles, cranberry sauce and salads, and everything that could tempt the appetite, winding up with plum pudding, ice-cream, fresh fruit and candy.

The toast to the bride and groom was proposed by the minister. In happy vein, he referred to the thirty years of wedded life they were celebrating that day. He paid a sincere tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas as fine citizens, and leaders in the church.

“We rejoice in the privilege accorded us of doing

honour to you who have won such a warm place in our hearts. You have not only served the community well, but you have a family that is a credit to you, and of whom we all are proud. We are particularly pleased that on this occasion the family circle has been made complete by the homecoming of Jim."

Several speeches were made. Mr. Douglas tried to thank everybody and to express the appreciation of Mrs. Douglas and himself, but he did not succeed very well. He struggled bravely with his emotions for a few minutes, then concluded abruptly by saying "I cannot trust myself to say more. Please be assured that we thank you with our whole hearts."

Of course Jim couldn't escape. Mr. Bishop said :
"I think everyone would like to hear a few words from the Western member of the family."

"Mr. Bishop and friends," said Jim. "None of you can quite appreciate what this day means to me. I was born in this house, and in this neighbourhood I grew up. Seven years ago I went out, on what was to me, a great adventure. I have grown to love the West, and to feel that I belong out there ; but, if I have found my place there, and have learned to take a little part in its expanding life, I owe it to you who are here to-day. When I went West, my home life, and the life of this community, its school and church and homes, went with me ; were in fact more real to me than they had ever been. I want to thank you all for what you have meant to me, and to say that I am proud beyond measure to be the son of such parents."

NORWOOD GROVE

"THERE will be a meeting of unusual interest, under the auspices of the Young People's Union, on Tuesday evening. Jim Douglas will be the speaker, and will take as his subject 'Young People's Work In A Saskatchewan Town'." So read the announcement given out at the service on Sunday, at the Norwood Grove Church.

Jim himself was not present at the service, as he had hoped to be. He had caught a slight cold on the way down, and by Saturday night it was so troublesome that Mother Douglas took charge, giving him some medicine, and ordering him to stay in bed on Sunday. "You are tired out, anyway," she said. "And you know you have to speak at the Young People's Social on Tuesday night."

So Jim remained in bed while the family were at church and Sunday school on Sunday morning. He came downstairs for lunch, and in the afternoon wrote some letters; during the rest of the day, he stayed indoors. While Edith and Don attended a service conducted by the Young People on Sunday evening, Jim enjoyed a wonderful evening by the fireside, with his father and mother.

When the Douglas car, containing the two brothers and Edith, drove up to the church on Tuesday evening, the space for cars was well filled and cars were still coming, in quick succession. Old chums of Jim's, who had not been at a Young People's meeting for some years, were there; and, as the news spread, young people for miles around came. The committee in charge wanted to make a real night of it, so they engaged a well known Oshawa quartette to sing, and

there were to be cats after the meeting, with a social get-together.

Tom Moffatt, the president, who had always known and liked Jim, presided, and gave him a hearty welcome back to the old church and the Young People's Society. The crowd of young people expressed their pleasure by a vigorous round of applause, when Jim rose to speak. "My friends," he began, "it was very pleasant of Tom—knowing me as he has, since we started to school—to say the nice things he did. I'm mighty glad to be back in this church, and to meet again the young people of this fine old community. It's great to find Tom heading things up here in the Young People's Society, and to know that under his leadership the organization is flourishing. I know you all enjoyed the quartette. I certainly did, and it didn't detract from my pleasure to find that two of the members are old Norwood boys. They were shy, 'teen-age boys when I went away. I understand they are holding down good positions now, and are using their musical talent to good purpose. And of course, a good quartette needs a good pianist. They surely have one, in Grace Huston. I musn't refer to her as an 'old' girl, but anyway, she's a Norwood Grove girl. When I think of her accomplishments in the teaching profession, and in music, I feel like boasting that I'm the guy that used to carry her school-bag, when we were coming home from school." The young people laughed heartily, while Grace blushed, and hid her face behind some sheet music.

In a modest and interesting way, Jim told them of his early experiences in the West, of his going to Enterprise and getting a job there. He spoke with enthusiasm of the members of the group of his intimate friends. When he told of the surprise he got

the day Fred Thompson arrived and hailed him in the store, the young people applauded loudly. Jim told them of the Miller-Murphy combination and of their baneful influence, and of the formation of the Enterprise Young People's Federation and its progress. In graphic language, he made them see the conflict that was going on in that pioneer community, between the reactionary and the progressive forces.

"The Federation aims at being non-denominational and non-partisan," he said, "but it is prepared to stand for the good of the community, even if it involves taking issue with those who, for selfish ends, espouse some party organization or political issue." The young people were deeply interested in Jim's depiction of the civic election, and the fight for wholesome community life.

"The fight is by no means over," he said in conclusion. "We know that those who are out for wide-open conditions are not asleep. They are organizing, and are biding their time to renew the battle.

"It's a great thing to be a citizen during the early stages of a town's life. What we do now, will become traditional for those who come after us. If we fail, our town will fall under the domination of those who are willing to exploit it for selfish ends. But we do not mean to fail. There is a gallant group of men and women out there, who take their citizenship seriously. They are studying social and economic relations, and are resolved to put human interests above all other considerations."

For the briefest moment there was silence when Jim ceased speaking, and then the entire company gave spontaneous expression of their appreciation of Jim's address. The quartette sang "Tenting To-night" and, for an encore, "Steal Away".

"Now," said Tom, "we want everybody to come with us into the social hall, where the social committee will serve refreshments and we'll have a real old-time reunion."

Jim had a busy time meeting old school chums. He was introduced to the two Oshawa members of the quartette, and presently found himself face to face with Grace Huston.

He remembered Grace when she was a dashing 'teen-age schoolgirl, with a rosy face and long dark hair that clustered about her shoulders. Now she had become a young woman, and her hair was bobbed and waved. Her face was not so round, but her black eyes had the same frank, humorous and friendly look. Jim suddenly felt shy as he realized she was a stunningly handsome girl, a graduate of the University, and a teacher in a city High School.

For some reason, Grace too, who a few minutes before had been taking her full share of the talk and laughter, was strangely subdued. Jim had changed, also. Grace remembered him as the sturdy, athletic, and happy-go-lucky school-chum. Now she saw a young man with the marks of efficiency and self-reliance, and yet along with these a modesty that mightily appealed to her. He had the same infectious chuckle and disarming smile that she remembered in the schoolboy; but the boy had grown into a man and, somehow, when he took her hand and looked into her eyes, she suddenly felt her heart beating faster.

It was not long, however, amid the informal buzz around them and with the help of good coffee and delicious "eats", till Grace and Jim were living over again the school days, and one young person nearby remarked: "Jim and Grace seem to be having a good time." So thoroughly were they enjoying themselves,

that they did not notice that preparations were under way for dismissal.

At a word from Tom, all stood and sang the National Anthem, and then, joining hands in a big circle, "Auld Lang Syne" was vociferously sung. Grace had to return to Oshawa, with the quartette, and as Jim was escorting her to the waiting car he said "Thanks so much, Grace, this has been a rare night for me."

"I should think it has been for us all," she replied, "and you have been the chief contributor, Jim; and oh, by the way, I hope you won't make any other engagement for Friday evening. I'm planning to come home for the week-end, and have asked Edith to bring you over to supper, and we'll have a bunch of the old school boys and girls in for the evening."

"Thanks again, Grace, I'll be looking forward to it with pleasure."

In the meantime, Jim's time was fully occupied with family affairs. It was great to be under the old roof again and to wander about the farm, and, best of all, to enjoy the happy fellowship of dad and mother, and his brother and sister.

Supper at Huston's could never be formal nor dull. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Huston, who were famed for their hospitality, there was Rod the only son, a young man about Jim's age. He had graduated from Guelph Agricultural College, and had come home to assume the management of the two-hundred-acre farm which would one day be his.

Of course, the special attraction for Jim was Grace. Here he saw her in the delightful setting of her own home. He had often seen her there as a girl, and now he saw her as a winsome young woman. Tom Moffatt and Isabel Thornton were guests also, along with Edith and Jim, and there was a constant flow of

conversation, with much merriment, as the young people did full justice to the appetizing meal provided by Mrs. Huston. All hands joined in washing the dishes, after supper, and in preparing for the party.

About forty young people came in for the evening, and there was much hilarity as games and stunts of various kinds were indulged in. The guests had been asked to come in school-day togs, and these caused great amusement. The company was divided for the old-fashioned "charades", and the words chosen for acting, recalled school days. There were many wisecracks and impersonations, perpetrated on one and another of the players, and former teachers came in for their share of attention. It was voted "a great night" by all who were there.

Back in his own room, after the Douglas young people had returned home, Jim recalled it all. What a fine lot they were, and how nice it was to meet them at this happy social function. It was a pleasant scene that memory's eye held for him, and in the centre of it all was Grace. Jim remembered that she had arranged it in his honour; he could hear her merry laugh and see the changing expressions of her expressive face, and in response to her winsome appeal his heart was stirred as it had never been before.

On Sunday morning, Jim found himself once more in the old Sunday school. He refused to teach, that he might enjoy the privilege of sitting in his father's Bible class. The church service followed the Sunday-school session. It was good to sit in the family pew and to join in worship as he had so often done, as a boy. That evening there was to be a special service in Bowmanville. Dr. Richard Roberts was to be there to preach, and special music was being provided.

"Oh, Grace," said Edith, when they met outside

the church, "we want you and Rod to come over for tea."

"That will be lovely, Edith, thank you."

"We are trying to get up a bunch to go down to the special service in Bowmanville to-night. Tom Moffatt and Isabel Thornton are coming for tea, too, and they are going to Bowmanville."

They had a lively time at the supper table, and a good deal of speculation as to how they would drive down. Tom and Isabel suggested that Grace and Jim should go with them. "Not on your life," said Rod. "We want Grace and Jim to go with us." Don settled the argument by putting in the plea that unless Jim and Grace drove with him he would be alone.

It was a lovely night, with just enough frost to make the atmosphere bracing, and Jim was delighted to have Grace beside him in the car, and at the service in the church.

They had a light lunch at the Huston home on their return, and Grace had to be ready for the car that would convey several young people who were returning to Oshawa that night.

"By the way, Jim," she said, "when are you coming to see our city? You ought to see the General Motors plant and, though the summer season is over, our Lakeview Park is well worth seeing."

"I'll come on one condition, Grace," said Jim—"that you'll be my guide. You wouldn't expect a fellow from the 'wild and woolly' to find his way around alone, in a modern eastern city?"

"I'll be delighted," said Grace, "and will be looking for you, soon."

ROUGE HILLS

ON Tuesday, Jim borrowed Don's roadster, saying that he wanted to run into Oshawa. He made his way up Simcoe St. about four o'clock, and when Grace walked out of the Collegiate at a quarter after four, she found Jim and the roadster at the curb.

"Well, you see I took you at your word. I hope you are free for the rest of the day, for I'm keen on that sightseeing expedition." Grace smiled, and said "You westerners are speedy workers. I was going over to spend the evening with two girl-friends who live in a suite, but if you will take me to my boarding-house I'll 'phone and see what I can do about it."

In a short time, she returned to the street from her room. She had excused herself to her friends, and had exchanged her school dress for a becoming blue suit, with hat and coat to match and, to Jim's eyes, presented a charming picture as she stepped into the car.

"Now, where are we going?" asked Jim.

"What would you like to see first?"

"Well," said Jim, looking at his watch, "it's a quarter to five. The Lakeside Park won't move for a few days, I suppose. How would you like a run into Toronto for supper, then a show—if there is something worth seeing? I believe George Arliss is appearing in a new picture, and it will be a lovely drive home in the moonlight."

"I resign my position as guide at once, Jim. That sounds like a very attractive programme to me. Let's go."

The roadster was tuned to run smoothly, and the two young people—so closely linked in childhood, and whose paths for some years had been divided—now

that their paths had converged again, found the renewed friendship mutually attractive. As they sped city-ward, along No. 2, Grace drew Jim out, to tell of his life in the West, and, responding to her eager enthusiasm, he talked freely, and something of his affection for the wheat province and its people, and his deep interest in the problems confronting the new West, found utterance in his talk.

In Toronto, Grace directed Jim to a smart cafe on Yonge Street, and they were ushered into a quiet corner where they could eat and chat in comfort. "I feel ashamed, Grace, to have monopolized most of the time coming in, telling you about myself and the West."

"Don't Jim. If you only knew how much I have enjoyed it. In fact, I envy you. I did so want to go West when I graduated from the College of Education, but I knew it would upset mother and dad terribly; and then my present position opened, and I felt I must not turn it down. But I'm going West the first chance I get—for a visit, at least."

"Good for you, Grace, that's the best news I've heard since coming East. You'll have to come to Enterprise. I know Fred and Ada Thompson will be delighted at the prospect of entertaining you."

Sitting beside Grace in the beautiful theatre, Jim rejoiced at his great good fortune. In the West he had taken young ladies out on many occasions, and had been more than a little attracted by some, but none had ever captivated him as this lovely girl now beside him. Not even the consummate art of George Arliss could hold Jim's attention that evening.

"But of course," Jim said to himself, "such a girl could not have gone through the University and gained the position she is now holding, without being sought

after by more than one. She was merely gracious to him for old time's sake. Some lucky fellow had already won her heart."

After the theatre, they went to a dainty tea-room, before leaving for the return trip, for ice-cream and a box of chocolates.

"Let's go home the north way, up Yonge to Lansing, and along the highway from there to Rouge Hills," said Grace.

"I remember that road before it was paved," said Jim. "I'd like very much to go that way."

Out of the busy traffic of Yonge Street, and proceeding eastward along the less frequented highway, Jim slowed down the engine to a leisurely pace. "It was very kind of you, Grace, to give up this evening and come with me. I cannot tell you how I have enjoyed being with you."

"I haven't found it much of a sacrifice, Jim. I must thank you for a very delightful evening."

Jim reached for the rug, and as he put it around her, his hand touched hers. He held it gently, and she did not withdraw it. "Grace, I have often thought of you, and sometimes I started to write to you, and then I remembered that you and Harry Mathers were good friends, and I didn't dare."

"Oh," said Grace, "Harry and I were never more than good chums. He met his match in Montreal, at McGill. A year ago, he established a law practice in Belleville, and was married last spring. But Jim, you haven't told me about that Western girl. I'm sure there must be one. I wonder you didn't bring a wife with you."

They had now reached a point where a trail leads off the highway to a "Look-out", high above the Rouge Valley. Jim turned the car slowly toward that

spot and let the engine die. Then he looked straight at Grace and said : " Do you know why I didn't tell you about the Western girl, Grace ? It's because there isn't one, so far as I'm concerned, to tell about. And Grace, I always liked you in those old days and, since I've been away, I've often recalled our associations ; and when I decided to come home, I wondered if I'd find you as I left you."

"And did you, Jim ?"

"No, not just the same. You had grown into womanhood, and from the time I saw you on the piano stool the night of the young people's social, I knew that I loved you as I have never loved anyone else. Tell me Grace, is there anyone else, and if not, do you think you could learn to love me a little ?"

Her eyes were turned so that he could not see them, and she remained silent for what seemed to Jim a long time, though in reality it was but a moment. Then she found her voice, and said quietly : " There is no one else, Jim, but I do not think I can ever learn to love you a little," and, turning her face towards him, and with a glorious light in her eyes, she said : " I cannot love you a little, Jim, for I have already learned to love you a——" Jim heard no more. Her lovely eyes told him more than words could convey. His arms opened to receive her, and their lips met in eager response to the beating of their hearts.

An hour later, when Jim switched on the ignition, the moon came out from behind a bank of clouds and lighted up the sky, and to the happy lovers Rouge Valley had never looked so beautiful.

"Do you remember, Jim, the school picnic we had in this valley ? What fun we had in the sports programme, and the supper served on the long strips of paper laid on the grass. You came and sat beside me

for supper, and I thought then that you were a pretty good pal to have."

"Yes," said Jim, "I do remember, and do you know Grace, I never felt awkward in any girl's presence until that day. You made me feel self-conscious. I guess that was the beginning of my love for you, dear, and I'm so glad that we were brought back to this lovely spot, on this wonderful night, to seal our love compact for life."

THE CALL OF THE WEST

WHEN Jim arrived at the Douglas home that night, the house was in darkness, save for the hall light his mother had left burning for him. Collie, disturbed from his slumber in the shed, barked lustily till, recognizing the car and Jim, he came bounding forward with a hoisterous canine welcome. On the table in Jim's room was a bundle of mail. He noted an envelope in the professional handwriting of Dr. Edgar, and it was marked "urgent". Tearing it open at once, he read :

"Enterprise, Nov. 7th.

Dear Jim :

I had a call to the country at five o'clock this morning, and have just had breakfast. If I don't write now, I'll miss the morning mail, so here goes. Your letter telling of the wedding celebration, came to hand yesterday. Flo and I made a vow, after reading it, that we're going to visit our home folks in Perth County next summer, if there is any chance of breaking away from my practice for a month or so.

I wish I could go right on talking about personal matters, Jim, but I must plunge right into a vital public question that has been causing our crowd no end of concern. Last Friday's 'Clarion' carried the announcement that Joe Norrie is going to run for Mayor again this year, and that several candidates are pledged to run for aldermen, who are in sympathy with Joe and his broadening-out policy. From information we have, we are convinced that Joe and his gang have been organizing for a year, and that their campaign will be largely financed by money supplied by liquor and other interests outside our town, as well as by the wets here. We have decided that we will not take this attack lying down.

Last night we met at our house, and considered possible candidates. In addition to a couple of reliable members of the present Council, who have promised to run again, we have two or three other good fellows in sight. Of course, our chief anxiety is the candidate for Mayor. Alex. Bowden is out of the running. It isn't generally known, Jim, but I've examined Alex., and find a heart condition that demands his retirement for the present from active public life. We decided on our candidate, last night, and agreed unanimously that the man to head up this fight is Jim Douglas.

Now, Jim, old man, don't start any alibis. We've considered them all, and we think it's up to you to accept our proposition. Enterprise has done well by you, Jim, and—by cracky—you've deserved it all ; but our town is at the crossroads. It is calling you to give it the right

sort of leadership and to save it from getting into the hands of this gang of exploiters. We'll put ourselves behind you, and not let up till you're elected—or 'bust in the attempt'.

Election Day is, as you know, the first Monday in December, which this year is December 1st. Nominations take place on Monday, November 24th, and that is just two weeks away. I feel mean about asking this of you Jim, but can you possibly be here for a get-together for preliminary organization, on Monday evening next? We must have announcements ready for Wednesday's paper. Wire me at once.

Yours as ever,—John Edgar."

To say Jim was shocked, is to put it mildly. He turned off the light, and looked out at the brilliant night sky. He was dazed by the experiences of the day. What joy it had brought to him, and now, this amazing proposition! He tried to think the problem through. He had no political ambitions, but that growing Western town was dear to his heart, and its well-being had been his concern always, since becoming a citizen. At last, Jim knelt by the bed where he had knelt as a lad, and when he arose the struggle was over. Turning on the light, he wrote out the following message.

"Dr. J. Edgar, Enterprise, Sask.—Leave Toronto for Enterprise Friday night. Arrive Monday evening. Jim."

Jim slept soundly through the few remaining hours. The sun was shining through the bedroom windows when he awoke. He jumped out of bed and hurried to join the family at breakfast. He had to take a good

deal of banter from his brother about the lateness of his arrival home, and Edith remarked that he seemed to have lost his appetite, which, since his return from the West, had been quite ravenous. Jim tried his best to be natural, but with indifferent success. When breakfast was over, and Don had gone out, Jim said: "I have a couple of announcements for you." There was instant attention from the three listeners. The tone of Jim's voice, and the serious look on his face, indicated that he had some very important news for them.

"My first announcement is that I must leave for the West on Friday night." Jim told them of Dr. Edgar's letter, and gave the necessary explanations. "You can't imagine how the whole thing upset me, but I have decided that it is my duty to go, so I am wiring Dr. Edgar to-day, that I will arrive in Enterprise on Monday." There was silence for a brief space, relieved at last by Edith grasping Jim's hand and shouting "Hurrah for Mayor Jim!"

Mother Douglas, whose eyes were suspiciously moist, smiled bravely and said: "We did so count on a longer visit, but we want our boy to do his duty." And Father said: "Jim, as much as I shall miss you, I'm proud to know that you are wanted by the best people out there in your adopted community. I only wish that I were free to join you in the campaign, but you will know that we are all backing you, and whether you win or lose the election, we know you will do your duty."

"Now for that other announcement," said Edith.

Jim looked from one to another of those eager faces, and said simply: "Grace promised to be my wife last night. I hope you will be pleased." Mother put her arms about her son, and kissed him. "I'm so glad

Jim," she said. "Grace is a lovely girl. I have always liked her, and I shall love her as a daughter."

Father took Jim's hand and said: "God bless you and Grace, Jim, and may your life together be as happy as our married life has been."

Edith kissed her brother, and though she wept a little, she said: "I hoped you two would come to this. Grace is the finest girl I know, and my big brother is worthy of the best."

When Don heard the news he was greatly excited. It was well for Jim that his approaching departure made it difficult to play pranks on him, in Don's merriment over Jim's engagement to Grace.

The next two days were crowded ones for Jim. After despatching his telegram, he phoned Grace at the noon hour, to ask if he might see her that evening, and arranged to meet her in Oshawa at seven o'clock.

That afternoon he went over to see Mr. and Mrs. Huston. He found them together in the living room. The mail had just come in, with Grace's letter telling of her engagement lying open on the table. Without waiting for any words from Jim, Mrs. Huston drew him to her in a motherly embrace, while she said softly: "Your mother and I have been the closest of friends for many years. When you were born I was with her, and when Grace came she was here to welcome her. I have always loved you Jim, and I am sure you will be good to Grace."

"Yes, Jim," said Mr. Huston, "I've watched you grow up, becoming more like your father year by year; but I never realized how much, till you came back from the West, a full-grown man. We do not like to think of our only daughter going so far from us, but we entrust her to you, with our blessing upon you both."

That evening, as Grace sat beside Jim in the car, she became aware of a seriousness about his appearance and voice, that somewhat disturbed the new joy she was experiencing. They were soon out at the lake, where they found a quiet spot.


"Why the sad countenance, my dear? Don't tell me that you are repenting already." Jim left her in no doubt on that score, and apologized for being so dumb. "To tell you the truth, Grace, I was nearly bowled over by a letter I received from Dr. Edgar when I got home and in my room last night. I think I'll let your read it, then you will understand."

Jim pulled out the letter and handed it to Grace. He watched her face as she read it. When she had finished, she looked up at him and said quietly: "When do you start, Jim?"

"I wired him to-day, that I would leave Toronto Friday night."

"She put her hands up to his face for a moment, and looked her love and admiration as she said: "I love you Jim—so much, that I will give you up to fight for the good of our Western home town, and though I cannot go with you, I shall be thinking of you every day and praying for your success, and I'll be looking forward to the day when you will come back for me."

"I can't tell you what a fight I had last night," said Jim. "You made me so supremely happy, and I was looking forward to a few weeks of such comradeship as I had not known before. But when I faced up to it all, I knew, that to be worthy of you, I must go. Your love will strengthen me for the task before me. I will feast upon your letters, and hope the day will not be far distant when you will bear my name, and we shall be united in our Western home."



Grace secured leave of absence for Friday, so Jim brought her home on Thursday evening. On Friday, both families had a farewell dinner at the Douglas home. Then, after the good-byes to the older people had been said, two carloads of young people drove in to Toronto to see Jim off.

At Winnipeg, Jim received a wire from Fred and, during the stop-over period, had time to call a couple of wholesale houses, and attend to some business for the firm.

Several friends were on the platform to welcome him when the train pulled in to Enterprise on Monday evening. Rev. Hugh gripped Jim's hand saying: "We wanted you for supper at the manse, but Mrs. Manders wouldn't hear of it. I think the fatted turkey was killed a couple of days ago. There's a meeting at eight o'clock, so I won't keep you now."

Fred and Ada were invited to have dinner with Jim at Mrs. Manders', and the time sped so rapidly that it was 8.15 when Jim and Fred arrived at the meeting. There were about twenty-five men and women present. Hugh was appointed chairman, with Gordon McCarrell as secretary.

"I want, first of all, to welcome back Jim Douglas. We are glad he has had a fine trip, and a happy visit at his home, and we appreciate his response to our appeal to return at once and help us in this campaign." Jim, responding, set everyone at ease by making light of his part and assuring them of his delight at being with them again. He soon discovered that this group had been hard at work. Of the present aldermen, three had consented to run again. Other good citizens had been interviewed, and would back Jim Douglas in the election.

Several speeches were made regarding the fight for

the Mayor's chair, and every speaker expressed the belief that Jim Douglas was the man for the position. Jim thanked them, and told them of the shock he had received when the matter was first broached by Dr. Edgar, in his letter.

A larger meeting, representing many cross-sections of the town's population, was held in the warehouse of the Douglas-Thompson store, on Tuesday evening. All the candidates endorsed by the committee were present and spoke. A publicity committee was appointed, to push the campaign in every possible way, and especially to prepare for the Annual Ratepayers' Meeting on Monday night. Other committees were named and a general organization set up.

A HECTIC CAMPAIGN

People refer to that civic election as the "hottest one ever fought in Enterprise". The interests backing Joe Norrie and his aldermanic ticket poured money into the campaign, and elaborate publicity propaganda by means of newspapers, circulars, and public meetings was carried on.

Nominations took place at the Town Hall on Monday morning, and in the evening the Ratepayers' meeting was thronged with a huge crowd. The aldermanic candidates were limited to five minutes each, and the candidates for Mayor to twenty minutes each. As the candidates were called in alphabetical order, Jim had to speak before Joe Norrie. He was somewhat nervous at first, but soon got a grip on himself, and spoke in a quiet, clear voice. His appreciation of good literature, and his leadership in young people's work,

made it natural for him to use choice language, and to speak without conscious effort ; and, because he believed that important issues were at stake and that many of the finest men and women in the town were counting on him to lead a crusade for decent government, Jim spoke with earnestness that was impressive.

When he proceeded to declare his position on public issues, he showed a grasp of civic affairs and a progressive outlook that was a surprise to many of his hearers. His closing words made a fitting climax : " I cannot claim long experience in public affairs, though, as you know, I have served a couple of terms on the School Board. Coming to this community seven years ago, I had the good fortune to obtain employment with one of our most successful business men. I owe much to him for the business training I received while in his employ. When he retired from the hardware and implement business, he gave me the first chance to take it over. Along with my partner, I have carried on that business ever since. I promise to do my utmost to promote the best interests of our town, and to devote to the administration of your affairs the same care and energy I have given to my own."

Joe Norrie was loudly acclaimed by a section of the audience when he arose to address the meeting. He made an impassioned speech, indulging in a good deal of sarcasm and ridicule.

" What we want," said Joe, " is a council of practical men : men who have red blood in their veins, and who have pep enough to wake up this burg. We intend to take the crepe off the door of Enterprise, and to make it an up-and-coming town worthy of its name."

He created some amusement by saying that the so-called Citizens' Committee had a " Doctor to

chloroform the people, and enough Drys to make the town look like the Sahara Desert."

"But," he declared, "I think it's time we stepped out of the nursery. I believe in personal liberty, and in temperance in all things. If there are any abuses, we can trust our police to check them. Jim Douglas is a nice young man with no political experience. Let him go on with his Young People's work till he is seasoned a bit. In the meantime, let men of experience manage your affairs. One week from to-night, the citizens will be celebrating the beginning of a new era. Your new council will step on the gas, and will take you all for a ride to the promised land of freedom and prosperity."

The Citizens' Committee engaged the Hall for a final rally on Friday night. *The Clarion* announced on Wednesday that a meeting in the interests of Joe Norrie and his supporters would be held in Slavin's Hall in the east end of the town on the same night. The announcement carried with it a challenge to candidate Douglas, or anyone on his behalf, to appear on the platform.

When Jim read it, he called up his campaign committee and, after discussing it with them, he decided to accept the challenge. He would speak early, at his own meeting, and then have Fred Thompson drive him to the Norrie meeting.

The East end, where Slavin's Hall was located, is the working-class district of Enterprise, including quite a few people of foreign origin. The flour mill, several warehouses and a lumber yard are in this part of town. Bootleggers were said to carry on an illicit trade there.

When Jim and Fred arrived, they found the Hall crowded. Joe Norrie was holding forth and arousing

considerable enthusiasm by his tirade upon the "up-lifters", as he termed the Citizens' Committee, and his witty jibes at Jim's youth and inexperience. When Joe sat down, the Chairman called "Mr. Douglas". Jim walked to the platform to the accompaniment of mingled boos and cheers. He made a fighting speech, and, in spite of frequent interruptions, he convinced the more thoughtful of his audience that he was not the irresponsible youth his opponent had pictured, but a young man of sound judgment and rugged character, who had a clearly thought-out policy and who had a deep interest in the people of Enterprise.

When the meeting closed, Jim hurried from the platform to meet Fred at the car, which was parked near the platform entrance. They climbed in, and were slowly moving along the dark side street, with Fred at the wheel, when they encountered threemen on the crossing. Fred sounded the horn, and was preparing to move on when he was met by a volley of profanity. One of the trio shouted: "What the heck are you trying to do?" at the same time moving menacingly to the side of the car. Fred protested that he had no intention of harming anyone, and was about to step on the gas when the ruffian reached through the open window and struck him a blow, knocking his head against the wheel with such violence that he was stunned for a few moments. Like a shot, Jim leaped from the car. With one smashing blow he sent the man reeling into the ditch. A second, coming to the rescue, was soon backing away from Jim's attack. Coming from behind, the third man hit Jim on the head with something hard and laid him insensible on the street. By this time, Fred had recovered consciousness, and, pressing the horn as he stepped from the car to go to Jim's assistance, attracted the attention of

men coming from the meeting. The sound of hurrying feet frightened the thugs, who, under the cover of the darkness, beat a hasty retreat.

Jim was lifted into the car and rushed to the hospital, while the police commenced an investigation. Dr. Edgar had been called from the Citizens' Committee meeting in the Town Hall, soon after the meeting started, and had just returned to his office when the 'phone rang calling him to the hospital. "There's been an accident, Doctor," the nurse said, "and Mr. Douglas was hurt." The doctor waited for no more and, snatching up his bag, he hurried over to the hospital. After examining Jim's wound, the doctor called his colleague, Dr. Bolton, and together they took an X-Ray of the affected area.

In the morning, Jim was still unconscious. The skull had been badly fractured and concussion had resulted. When the plates were examined, the doctors decided to 'phone Dr. Graham, noted surgeon of Saskatoon, asking him to come at once. Dr. Edgar explained to Dr. Graham the nature of the trouble. "I think I'd go ahead myself at once," he said, "but Jim is a warm personal friend and I'm afraid it would get my nerve."

Everything was in readiness in the operating room when the surgeon arrived. Special nurses were on duty, and both local doctors ready to assist. When the operation was over, Dr. Graham said: "It is serious enough. I think he has a fifty-fifty chance, but if he has any of his own people available they should be notified."

"I sent his father a night letter telling him that Jim had been hurt, but that he was receiving every attention and that his condition was favourable. I will send another to-night," said Dr. Edgar.

The second message stated that a successful operation had been performed and that the doctors were pleased with the patient's condition, but that, as Jim was so far away from his own people his recovery might be hastened by the presence of some of his own family.

Before the second message reached the Douglas home, Jim's father and mother were already en route West, having left Oshawa on Saturday night. They started on their long journey with fear clutching at their hearts. Grace received word of the accident by 'phone, from Don. She was greatly upset, but kept a brave front. She met the family at Oshawa and accompanied them to the train and, though her own heart was numb with dread, she controlled her feelings till Mrs. Douglas clasped her in her arms, and then for a brief space both found relief in tears. Quickly recovering, Grace placed a letter addressed to Jim, in his mother's hand, saying "Tell Jim I'll be thinking of him every waking minute, and will write to him every day, and oh, I do hope you will find him well on the way to recovery."

When a wire from Don reached Dr. Edgar advising him that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas were en route to Enterprise, there was keen rivalry as to which home should have the honour of entertaining them. The minister's wife said they would love to have them at the Manse. Mrs. Manders said she thought they would like to stay in Jim's room, and she would do her best to make them comfortable. In the end, however, it was decided that, since Fred was not only Jim's partner, but had known Jim's parents all his life, he and Ada should entertain them; but if their stay proved to be an extended one, the others would have a turn also. "Well anyway," said Hugh, "Mary and I are going to meet them at Saskatoon."

So it happened that when the train steamed into Saskatoon, Hugh and Mary stepped on board and soon discovered John and Annie Douglas.

"Pardon me," said Hugh, "but are you not Mr. and Mrs. Douglas? I'm sure you must be," and then in answer to their acknowledgment, he said: "My name is Hugh Morgan, and this is Mrs. Morgan. We wanted to be the first to greet you. Jim is holding his own, and we are all very thankful. Your coming will be the best medicine he could have."

"And did you really come all the way to Saskatoon to meet us?" asked Mrs. Douglas. "It was more than kind of you, and we are so grateful for the comforting message you have brought." "Oh," said Mary, "we needed a little trip, and you know the shopping district in the city is a great attraction to a housewife."

While Mrs. Douglas and Mary talked in the Pullman, Hugh led Mr. Douglas out to the observation car, where he told Jim's father the details of the assault, and the progress of Jim's case. He also told the result of the election—that Jim had been elected Mayor by an overwhelming majority and that the entire slate of the Citizens' Committee had been elected to the Council.

"Saskatoon evening paper!" called the newsy. Hugh bought a paper and proceeded to read to Mr. Douglas the report of the elections at Enterprise.

Another despatch appeared under the heading "*Two additional arrests made in the Douglas assault case.*" "Tony Cassin, a man suspected of bootlegging activities, and who for some time was an employee of the Miller-Murphy Co., and Jack Billings, of uncertain address, have both been arrested in connection with the wounding of Mayor-elect Douglas. The men

were given preliminary hearing, and the case is adjourned for one week, during which time the police will check up their records and gather evidence. Bail was refused." "Mr. Douglas," the despatch continued, "is still in a critical condition, but the doctors believe that his youth and sturdy constitution will bring him through."

Another item read : "Word has been received that Mr. and Mrs. John Douglas, parents of the Mayor-elect of Enterprise, are hurrying to their son's bedside, and will arrive this evening. They will have the sympathy of the whole town, whose citizens are deeply incensed at the brutal attack upon our first citizen, and who wish for him a speedy recovery."

The travellers received a warm welcome upon their arrival in Enterprise and were soon in the comfortable home of Fred and Ada Thompson. The doctor came to see them soon after, with the good news that Jim had fallen into a restful sleep, and said he hoped the parents would be able to visit him in the morning. "And now," he said, "I am going to take you over to the hospital, so that you may have a peep at him. I wouldn't do this if I were not confident that you will not disturb him by any outbreak."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Mrs. Douglas quietly, "we are overwhelmed by the kindness shown us, and we trust you fully. You may depend upon us to obey your orders."

At the hospital they were conducted through the spotlessly-clean halls, to the private room on the second floor, where Jim lay. Silently, they looked upon the sleeping patient, and prayed that his life might be spared.

DR. EDGAR PRESCRIBES A TONIC

LATER that same night, the nurse called Dr. Edgar on the telephone. "I wish you'd come over, Doctor. Mr. Douglas is somewhat delirious, and shows mental distress."

In a few minutes the doctor was bending over Jim, holding his wrist, and gazing intently on his face. Jim was apparently trying to talk to someone whom he could not see, and he seemed quite disturbed. Listening, the doctor caught the name "Grace", and Jim was saying "Grace, where are you? Won't you come?" Then he talked about driving to Toronto, and about "George Arliss" and "the Rouge Hills". He would be quiet for a few moments, but soon was off again, talking about a telegram, and the election.

"Is that you, Grace? Oh, she isn't here, and there is no letter", and so the talk rambled on.

"How long has he been like this, Nurse?"

"For some time before I called you, Doctor."

The doctor shook his head. "I'll give him a hypo to induce sleep, and will look in again in an hour. In the meantime, if there is any need, call me."

An hour later, when the doctor called, Jim was asleep. "Give him another hypo, Nurse, if he becomes restless," he said, as he left the hospital.

It was about midnight, but according to promise the doctor walked over to Fred's to report to Mr. Douglas.

"By the way, Mr. Douglas, have you a daughter named Grace?"

"No," he replied, "I have not. Why do you ask, Doctor?"

"Well, Jim was a bit delirious, and was calling

"Grace" and seemed distressed because she did not come."

"Oh," said Mr. Douglas, "Jim's sweetheart is Grace Huston. She is the daughter of one of our neighbours. They went to school together, and during Jim's visit home they met again and fell in love with each other. She is a dear girl, and is teaching in the Oshawa High School."

Dr. Edgar had an inspiration. "Mr. Douglas," he said, "would you agree to my sending that young lady a night letter? I do not wish to alarm you, and I still believe Jim will recover, but just now he needs something to give him a boost, and I believe that the best tonic I can prescribe is the presence of Miss Huston."

"By all means, Doctor, wire her. She will come, I am sure, if you ask her."

When Grace walked into the Collegiate the next morning, she passed a messenger-boy on his way out. A moment later the secretary handed her Dr. Edgar's lettergram. With trembling hands, she tore it open and read: "Jim Douglas recovering, but recovery retarded by some mental distress. He has been calling you. I feel that your presence would greatly help. If you can come at once, wire me.—J. Edgar, M.D."

For a moment Grace was stunned, but quickly regaining her self-control, she went to the Principal and handed him the telegram. He was an observant man and had known something of Grace's love affair.

"Of course you will go, Miss Huston," he said. "I will see about your class at once and will arrange for a substitute during your absence. My car is at the door, and I know that Ken. Gordon will be glad to act as your chauffeur for to-day."

Grace put in a call, home. She informed her mother of the message and concluded by saying that she would

be home in a couple of hours, and to please get some things ready for the journey. She had a busy day. She wired Dr. Edgar that she would leave for the West that evening, and then hurried home and was on the go till train time.

It was a trying trip and her anxiety seemed to make it an almost endless one ; but there were some nice people in her car, who were very sympathetic when they learned the nature of her errand. At Winnipeg she received a telegram from Dr. Edgar, bringing her the good news that Jim was holding his own.

The afternoon sun was disappearing in a glorious prairie sunset when they reached North Battleford and Grace was glad to realize that in less than two hours she would be at the end of her wearisome journey. Dad and Mother Douglas were on the station platform at Enterprise, along with the Thompsons and other friends of Jim's.

"How is he?" Grace asked eagerly as she looked into the face of Jim's mother.

"He has been a very sick boy, Grace dear, but everybody is so kind and the doctors are splendid. With God's blessing, he will get well. I'm so glad you've come."

Grace was introduced to the group of friends. It had been arranged that she would stay at the Manse. Hugh and Mary were on hand to welcome her, and their invitation was a hearty one. She had heard much from Jim about them, and now meeting them personally and being taken into their home with such genuine cordiality, her heart was won completely.

At nine o'clock that evening, the doctor called to see Grace. "We have not told him anything about our message to you, or of your coming, but I am going to take you to him now. You know, of course, that much will depend upon your self-possession. I am

sure you are not one of those hysterical girls who will go to pieces when you see him. That would be disastrous. Your presence will quiet him, and in that lies our hope for his recovery."

"I thank you, Doctor, and will do my best to second your splendid efforts on Jim's behalf."

"Jim's father and mother have not talked with him yet," said the doctor, "nor does he know that they are here."

"For a couple of days he was too weak and delirious. I was arranging to have them visit him this morning, but that little mother certainly is good stuff. When I proposed it, she was silent a moment, and then she looked up and said quietly: 'Doctor, Grace will be here to-night and will want to see Jim at once. I think that will be surprise enough for him for one day, so we will wait another day.'"

"How like Mrs. Douglas," said Grace, "always thinking of others."

At the door of Jim's room they paused. The doctor stepped in and, calling the nurse out, led Grace to Jim's bedside. She took Jim's right hand gently in both her own and, bending over him kissed his cheek and softly said: "Dear Jim, I am here—do you know me? It is Grace." Jim seemed dazed for a moment, then he opened his eyes and, with a look of glad recognition, the pained and troubled expression vanished from his face, and it was lighted up with a happy smile.

"Dear Grace," he said feebly, "I wanted you so. It was good of you to come." His eyes closed and his body relaxed.

When the doctor returned twenty minutes later, he found Grace sitting quietly beside the bed, looking into the peaceful face of the sleeping patient.

CHRISTMAS, EAST AND WEST

JIM's recovery was slow but steady. The day following Grace's first visit she found him showing signs of marked improvement. The doctor was pleased and advised them that he might be told of the arrival of his parents and that he might receive a short visit from them. "Jim," said Grace, "I have a pleasant surprise for you."

"I've had the most delightful one already, dear," said Jim, "but tell me this one."

"Well, promise not to get excited, and I'll bring in some visitors I know you will be glad to see."

"Oh, I'll be good, only you mustn't go away."

Grace disappeared, and in a few minutes returned bringing Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Tears of joy came into Jim's eyes as he caught a glimpse of those loved faces. His mother's kiss and his father's gentle but firm handshake, and the realization that they and Grace were with him, were to him the finest possible tonic. They did not stay long and would let him say little, but as Jim looked from one to the other and listened to their voices, he thanked God for the comfort their presence brought. For the next week they took turns in sitting with Jim each day. By the middle of the week, the nurse propped him up in bed, and on the following Sunday afternoon he was able to sit up for half an hour, and the doctor pronounced his patient well on the way to recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas began to feel that they must return home. Christmas was close at hand and, now that Jim was recovering, it would never do to leave Edith and Don alone for Christmas.

On Thursday, Jim left the hospital to convalesce at

the Thompson's. "You must stay in bed until noon each day," said the doctor, "and there will be a strict censorship of visitors, but you will be just as well there as in the hospital, if you obey orders."

"Thanks, Doc.," said Jim, "you've had me down where a fellow had no chance but to obey. It will be great to be with Fred and Ada. You've been a prince, and I surely owe it to you to do my best to get well."

"Now Jim, no more of that. We got you into this mess, didn't we, by insisting that you run for Mayor, so it was up to all of us to do what we could to get you out. We're mighty thankful, and let me tell you this, Mr. Mayor, that we were slipping badly until Miss Huston's arrival. Next to a kind Providence, you may thank her and your parents for pulling through as you have done."

"Yes," said Jim, "I hope I appreciate fully what their coming has meant. How fortunate I am! Here's my doctor giving credit to Grace and my father and mother, and they tell me that if the doctor had not stayed on the job night and day, their efforts would have been of no value. I can never thank you enough."

It was arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas should leave for the East on Saturday morning. Grace would remain until December 26th. By this plan, there would be a Christmas celebration at the Douglas home, and Christmas for Jim would be made merrier by the presence of Grace.

On Friday evening the Manse Fireside friends gathered at the Thompson's to celebrate Jim's recovery and to bid Mr. and Mrs. Douglas bon voyage. It was a happy gathering. The hilarity was restrained on account of Jim's condition, but everybody entered heartily into the fun. Lunch was served at ten o'clock,

so that the guests might leave early, and the evening be not too much for Jim's strength. A flashlight picture was taken to commemorate the event.

The next morning, Grace went with Fred, the doctor and his wife, and Hugh and Mrs. Morgan to the train, to see Mr. and Mrs. Douglas off.

They had an uneventful trip to Toronto, where they were met by Don, with the family car. It was six o'clock, Tuesday evening, December 23rd. when they drove up to the farm home. Uncle and Auntie Gregory had arrived on Monday from Brockville, to spend Christmas with the Douglas', and had been helping Edith prepare for the homecoming of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. They all rushed out to welcome the travellers.

"Oh, it's lovely to see you again," said Edith, as she embraced first one and then the other of her parents. "I wanted so much to go to Toronto with Don, but Auntie and I have been busy ever since she came, getting ready for your homecoming, and for Christmas, so I restrained my desires and stayed home. I've been looking up at that old kitchen clock every few minutes since Don left, and it seemed to me it was running slower and slower."

"It's not much that I've done," said Auntie, "this daughter of yours has been baking and cleaning at a furious rate for days before we arrived."

There were eager enquiries about Jim from the home folk and much delight at the good report Mr. and Mrs. Douglas brought. Supper lasted a long time; there was so much to talk about, in spite of the agreement proposed by Edith—that the recital of their experiences should be given by the travellers in the living room, after supper. While the women were clearing the table and washing the dishes, the men

attended to the chores at the barn, Mr. Douglas expressing satisfaction at being "natural" again—by which he meant donning a pair of overalls and a cap and putting aside the white shirt and stiff collar.

When all were ready, they took their places around the fireplace, with Mother and Father Douglas in the centre. The story was told of the trip West and the first days of anxiety, the coming of Grace, and of Jim's recovery. They wanted to hear all about the Manse Fireside Group and about Fred Thompson and Ada.

"I think they must be a fine bunch," said Edith, when Mother Douglas had finished telling about the farewell party at Thompson's. "I'd love to have been there." "What about the City Council?" asked Don. "Who is carrying on in the Mayor's job, and when does Jim expect to begin his civic duties?"

"The members of the new Council were splendid," said Mr. Douglas. "They met immediately after the election, and not only sent Jim a beautiful bouquet of flowers, but appointed one of their number to enquire each day during Jim's illness, to find out what they might do for him. Then they had an organization meeting and appointed Alderman Holmes as Deputy Mayor, to act during Jim's absence."

The Christmas season in the West was bright and cold, with the thermometer hovering about zero. There had been little snow until three days before Christmas, when a heavy fall came, accompanied by a wind that caused somewhat of a blizzard for a day. With the passing of the storm the weather became decidedly colder, and on Christmas morning it was thirty-five below zero. At the Thompson home there was a Christmassy atmosphere. Jim was feeling so much better, he declared he could now go to business

any time. He had, however, not been allowed beyond the verandah so far, and was under orders to "make haste slowly". The house was profusely decorated, Ada having the assistance of a maid during the time the Douglass' were guests, and Grace had been over daily, taking her share of the preparation. The Morgans were invited for Christmas dinner at five o'clock. The Edgars were having a busy time with their own household, but promised to run in for a little while in the evening, if the Doctor was free.

On Christmas Eve, Grace and Jim sent a Christmas message home: "The Western members of the Douglas-Huston households unite in heartiest Christmas greetings to the dear ones at home. Patient progressing wonderfully, anticipating a Merry Christmas with Fred and Ada. The house is in gala Christmas attire. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and their two children are coming to help dispose of the turkey. We will be thinking about you all, and if you listen hard, you'll hear us saying 'Merry Christmas!'—Grace and Jim."

A Christmas letter from Edith and the boys arrived on the 24th, along with a large parcel, which, on opening, was found to contain gifts for Grace and Jim from both the home families. The letter conveyed the information that on Christmas day each family would have dinner at home, but that the Hustons were coming over for supper and the evening, to hear all about the Western trip. "You can just use your imagination and see us grouped around the fireplace and wishing you were both here with us."

"How would it be if we really join them on Christmas night, Grace?" asked Jim.

"What's the big idea, my dear, do they supply western mayors with aircraft? Anyway, do you think

you could break away from the doctor's watchful eye?"

"Well," said Jim, "Edith invited us to project ourselves in imagination. I thought we might go one better and do so by long-distance telephone. Wouldn't you like to hear their voices, and don't you think it would be a nice Christmas surprise for them?"

"You dear boy, you do think of such nice things. I think it would be just lovely. Let's do it. I didn't realise that it would be possible."

"It wouldn't have been, a week ago. We had a local system, but it has just been absorbed by the Provincial Government Telephone System, and now for the first time Enterprise is connected with the whole of Canada."

So Christmas was celebrated East and West. Shortly after eight o'clock Mountain time, which was ten o'clock Eastern time, Fred's 'phone rang. "Operator speaking. I have the line through for Mr. Douglas."

Jim, who was sitting beside the desk, with Grace close at hand, called "Hello." He waited just a moment, then distinctly heard Edith's voice.

"Merry Christmas, Sis—to all of you!"

"Why, it's Jim!" said Edith. "Where are you?"

"I'm sitting in the den at Fred's, in Enterprise. It's a treat to hear your voice. How are you all?"

"We are all fine. What a lovely surprise! Here's Mother."

So Jim talked briefly to his mother and dad, then a hurried word to Don.

"Now here's Grace, to speak to her mother and dad, and Edith!"

"Hello, Mother dear," said Grace, "we just

wanted to be in 'on your family gathering. We are both well, and having a lovely Christmas. Hello Daddy, same to you. I'll be home for New Year's, leaving to-morrow. Good-bye."

"Oh Edith, my but I'm lonesome to see you. I'll have a lot to tell you. Meet me in Toronto on Monday afternoon. Good-bye—— Here's Jim."

"I'm feeling like a million dollars," said Jim; "love to you all."

Grace left for home on Friday morning, Jim promising to come East just as soon as health and business would permit. The holiday season passed—Jim grew stronger each day. The weather moderated on Saturday and he went for a drive in the afternoon. On Sunday he had dinner at his boarding-house, much to Mrs. Manders' delight, and made arrangements to return to his room during the coming week.

Letters from Grace and the family told of her safe arrival home and of the New Year's celebration. On January 6th Jim went back to the store. He was feeling well, and it was great to be back in business again. Fred did his best to shoulder most of the responsibility, so that Jim's returning strength would not be overtaxed. By the middle of the month Jim declared that he was as "fit as a fiddle".

The case against the three men charged with assaulting Jim and Fred was finally disposed of. Jack Billings was found guilty of inflicting bodily harm to Jim. The Judge, in sentencing him, pointed out the seriousness of the offence, and that the accused might count himself fortunate that he was not facing a manslaughter charge. He was taking into account the fact that Billings was under the influence of liquor at the time. The other two were given suspended sentence.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION

ON Monday evening, January 18th, Jim sat in the Mayor's chair for the first time. Deputy Mayor Holmes welcomed him cordially on behalf of the Council and conveyed the best wishes of all members for a successful term. Jim then addressed the Council briefly.

"Gentlemen, I appreciate more than I can say, the very great kindness you have shown to me throughout the period of my illness. I wish to thank Alderman Holmes for the gracious welcome he has extended to me this evening, on your behalf. I am glad to be with you, and I am sure we shall work together in the spirit of goodwill and co-operation. If it is agreeable to you, and if we may dispose of any unfinished and necessary routine business, I should like to proceed with the setting up of our standing committees of Council. I will ask that the committees arrange to meet on Thursday night and at such other times as they may find necessary, and that two weeks from tonight we meet again, to hear from the various committees ; I may then have some matters to present to you."

So the new regime got under way. The various committees met as arranged, and when Council convened on the appointed night a big budget of business was on the docket.

Jim examined the books of the Treasurer, and soon discovered that expensive and slipshod methods prevailed. An elderly man, a former school teacher, had been in charge of the office for several years. There was need for drastic changes in the assessment system, and of the whole internal administration. The trouble

was that Amos Henry, the Treasurer and Office Manager, lacked the training necessary for the office. It had grown with the development of the town and required the services of a man of good training who also had experience in municipal work.

"We must make a change," said Jim, in discussing the matter with Fred. "But I am anxious to do what is fair with Amos. I believe we could well afford to give him a retiring allowance that will be more than offset by economies at the Town Hall."

When the Finance Committee met, Jim presented his proposition. It was discussed at length and agreed that Jim should talk the matter over with Mr. Henry. Accordingly, he called on Amos the next evening and, in a frank and kindly way, put the whole case up to him.

"You understand," said he, "that this is strictly between the committee and yourself. We are most anxious not to embarrass you in any way, and we wish to acknowledge with sincere appreciation your years of faithful service."

"What course do you advise me to take?" asked Amos.

"How would it be to write a letter to the Council tendering your resignation, stating that the growth of the town has increased the work of your office to such an extent that, at your age, you feel the responsibility is too heavy. I have in mind that you should receive a retiring allowance, and I think you might suggest in your letter that you would appreciate it if the Council would consider recognizing your years of service by making some provision for your retirement."

Jim was much relieved when, at the close of their discussion, Amos said: "Jim, I was glad when you were nominated for Mayor, and deeply concerned

about you after the assault. I felt that a man of your calibre was needed at the Town Hall, and now I am not going to whimper when changes that involve me are proposed. I trust your judgment, and I will do as you wish. I have felt for some time that the work was getting beyond me. It will be a relief to be free from the office, and I am confident that you will do what is right by me."

"Thank you, Amos ; you have made a difficult matter easy for me by your unselfishness and loyalty. I cannot guarantee what Council will do, but I promise I will not forget my duty to a faithful civic servant."

Another matter that engaged Jim's attention was the Public Library. The Library began as a private venture. A few years later the Council made a grant of \$500.00 a year—\$200.00 of which was for new books, and \$300.00 to compensate the Librarian. That amount had been increased to \$1,000.00, divided equally for books and services. For some time Jim and his friends had discussed the need of a Public Library conducted as a civic enterprise. During the past year, the need for more space for the civic offices had compelled the Council to provide new premises for the Fire Department and Police Force.

The letter of resignation came as a surprise to the aldermen not on the Finance Committee, and to the twenty-odd citizens who were listening in. "I think I should make a statement," said the Mayor.

He then reported his interview with Amos. "His letters explains his point of view, and I think I need not add anything further."

"Have you any proposition to make to Council in the event of our accepting Mr. Henry's resignation?" asked Alderman Clarke.

"Yes," said Jim, "your committee has that matter

in hand and, if Council authorizes us to do so, we will have a final report for next meeting."

The resignation was taken up ; eulogistic speeches were made regarding Amos and his years of service. It was finally agreed that the resignation be accepted and, on recommendation of the Finance Committee, a pension, acceptable to Amos, was granted.

The Public Library scheme, involving space in the Civic Building and the appointment of a Librarian, provoked a lively debate. One member thought they should appeal to the Carnegie Foundation for a new building. Some needed to be convinced of the wisdom of making the proposed expenditures, but in the end the scheme was endorsed and a committee appointed to carry it out. The committee was instructed to advertise for a Librarian and to report to Council.

"Of course, Gentlemen," said Jim when the discussion was over, "this is only a beginning. I hope to see the day when we shall have a magnificent collection of books housed in a Library building that will be an ornament to the town, but I am content for the present with the provision we are making."

Ranton Stone, who had been brought up on a farm a few miles from Enterprise, and had taken his High School course in the town, was appointed Librarian. Ranton had specialized in English Literature at the University, where he was known as a brilliant student, a good all-round sport, and a leader in the S.C.M. and in Young People's activities in his own church. He spent a year in post-graduate work in Toronto and, while there, was picked up by the Chief Librarian of the city and given a place on the staff.

"This young man," said Jim in reporting to Council, "comes highly recommended by the Toronto Librarian and by several others. I think we may

congratulate ourselves that his love for his native province and his desire to serve his home community induced him to leave his position in Toronto to accept our offer."

During the following weeks, several civic problems occupied Jim's attention. For one thing, Enterprise was growing rapidly and steps were to be taken for its incorporation as a city in the near future, the population being considerably beyond the legal requirement.

The School Board was struggling with the problem of school accommodation. The Central School, as it was called, had been enlarged twice, till now it had twelve rooms, four of which were devoted to High School work. Two other smaller school units had been built, one in the east end and the other in the north west. The time was fast approaching when the entire space of the central building would be needed for High School purposes. At present, there was no auditorium, and the gymnasium was an undersized and poorly ventilated one, in the basement. The other schools had been built with a view to enlargement, and were now overcrowded. The Board and the Council had from time to time conferred in joint session, but so far nothing had been done. Now the Board presented a proposition to the Council, asking that a by-law be submitted to the people and that, if approved, debentures be issued to finance the scheme.

It is not necessary that we should follow the course of events in detail, but they were carried forward from committee to Council, and by the Council submitted to the people, where a vote was required; by the end of May, the people had authorized the school building programme and other expenditures. They also sent a deputation to wait upon the Government with reference to the inauguration of Enterprise as a city, and

the third Monday in September was fixed as the day for the ceremony.

In the midst of these public duties that demanded much of Jim's time, he carried on his private business. Fred had to assume greater responsibility and a new man was added to the staff. Some wondered what Jim would do about his young people's work, now that he was Mayor. Jim thought about it too, but never once did he contemplate relinquishing it. He regretted that he was not able to give as much time throughout the week as he formerly had done, but he was glad that Gordon McCarrell and his staff were men and women who were eager to relieve him of unnecessary details.

The Fireside Group still held a warm place in Jim's heart, and offered him relaxation and relief when the burdens of office were weighing heavily upon him. Grace's letters, and those from home, gave him the greatest comfort and kept him in touch with the home community.

A CONSPIRACY

THE third Monday in September, Inauguration Day, would be a red-letter day in Enterprise. As Mayor, it would be a day to be remembered by Jim ; but just now, he was not thinking much about that day. September 13th was Grace's birthday, and Jim was thinking much about it. How delightful it would be if he could go down and spend it with her. But as things were, that would be impossible. The best he could hope for would be a trip at Christmas or the New Year. He and Grace had become engaged and

then had come the sudden and peremptory call to head up the election fight. Jim had not had time to get her an engagement ring, and when he did see her in the West he was shut up in the house. He had spoken of it to her at that time. "Grace dear, I feel badly that I cannot place a diamond on your finger, as I had hoped to do."

"Now Jim, you old dear," Grace had replied, "I don't mind a bit. Of course I'll just love to wear the ring you give me; but remember, Jim, the ring is only a symbol—our love for each other is the reality. When you buy the ring for me, don't be extravagant—I don't care for display. I've got you Jim, and though I thought I loved you, I didn't know how very dear you were to me, till I got the message that your life was in danger. Now that you are getting well, my heart is singing for joy."

Jim remembered that conversation and Grace's words. Then an idea struck him. "Just the thing, why didn't I think of it before?"

That evening he wrote the following letter:

"Miss Isabel Thornton,
Garrett's, Limited, Oshawa, Ontario.
Dear Isabel:

I heard some time ago that you had commenced your career as a business woman. I am sure you have chosen a fine business and a good firm. I got your kind message from Grace. Thanks very much Isabel, I am pleased to report that I am feeling tip-top. Am mighty thankful too, for I am very busy these days.

I want you to do me a favour. Grace has told you of our engagement. Well, you know I was called away hurriedly, leaving no time to buy an engagement ring, and when Grace was

here I was laid up for repairs, so I haven't got it yet. I have been troubled about it, and hoped that I might take a couple of weeks off and go East, but alas, I see no chance for some time yet. I had an inspiration a few minutes ago. Grace's birthday is September 13th. I want her to get her ring that day. Now Isabel, you will know just how to go about it to find out the right size and the sort of ring that will be most suitable. It will have diamond setting of course, and I believe sapphire is the birthstone for September. See what you can do about it, and write me, giving a description and the price. I'll be ever so grateful. How is Tom? My kindest regards to the old rascal. I'd love to see you both. Write me soon.

As ever, Jim."

In due course Jim received the following reply :

"Dear Jim :

I was tremendously thrilled by your letter. Yes, I heard about your romance, from Grace, and am so glad for you both. I think we have the nicest ring in stock, and I believe Grace thinks so, too.

You know she frequently drops into the store, so the first time she came in after the arrival of your letter, I happened to be standing near the ring trays. I saw her looking at them, and I said: "Oh, Grace, we've some nice rings, just came in a few days ago." I had placed two or three that I thought would suit, in the tray I lifted out for her inspection. Wasn't I delighted therefore, when she reached over to the little beauty that I liked best of all, and said "Oh, Isabel, isn't that dear?" I

put it on my finger and held it up. Her face expressed her unbounded admiration. Slipping it off, I said 'Let's see how it looks on your finger, Grace.' It was a perfect fit, and I am sure you would say it is lovely.

I spoke to my chief about it. She knows you both, of course, and is always pleased to see Grace come into the store. She said at once, 'There will be a special price on that. I would so much like to see Grace wearing it.'

So now, Jim, it is resting securely in a lovely box, in the vault, waiting your instructions. I enclose the price tag.

Tom was in town last night. He said 'Tell Jim things are going well at the Young People's Society, and that we want to put his name on the programme.' So you'll have to come East, Jim.

With kindest regards from us both,
Isabel."

ENTERPRISE BECOMES A CITY

JULY and August passed, and September arrived. Arrangements for the inauguration ceremonies were completed. The Premier of the Province and the Mayors of Saskatoon and North Battleford, and several towns, had accepted invitations to be present. The Federal and local Members of Parliament would take part, and many Enterprise "old boys and girls" were coming for the occasion. There would be a formal inauguration service.

The service in the United Church on the preceding Sunday evening was attended, not only by the regular

worshippers who usually filled it comfortably, but by many who had come early for the great day. It was found necessary to open the sliding partition, and soon the Sunday school room also was filled. Rev. Hugh preached an appropriate sermon on "the City that hath Foundations". Greatly beloved by his people, and highly respected throughout the town, Hugh spoke to a sympathetic congregation. It was a great occasion, and he rose to it magnificently. He spoke of the "ideal city" and of the foundations that give it strength and permanence. He referred to the early days of their town, and paid tribute to those who had sought to lay the right sort of foundation for its many-sided life. He spoke with evident love and pride of the growth of Enterprise and of the new era opening before it, concluding an impressive message in the following words: "In our new country we are tempted to get our eyes on the superstructure and to forget that it all depends upon the foundation. We must endeavour to keep the balance—to have a true perspective. We will build our superstructures, which will in many respects be different from those which our fathers built, for ours must serve a new and different age—but we will build upon foundations whose footings reach down to spiritual reality; whose materials are the solid granite of integrity, honour, justice, and truth; whose dimensions are as broad and far-reaching as human need; and whose mortar is the cement of brotherly love."

On Monday morning, when Jim looked out of his bedroom window, the ground was wet and the rain was falling gently. He wondered if the programme planned for out-of-doors would have to be cancelled. He hurriedly dressed and shaved. Then reverently he knelt and, remembering the challenging words of

Hugh, silently prayed that God's blessing might attend the day's proceedings. At eight o'clock he was at his desk, and presently the morning mail was set before him. He glanced through the pile of letters, and was rewarded by finding Grace's among them. He opened it at once, and read :

"Dearest Jim :

I'm the happiest girl alive. What a conspirator you are, and you have a skilful accomplice in Isabel. She even enlisted the help of my landlady, Mrs. Luke, for when I awoke this morning and remembered that it was my birthday, I wished the postman would come early, for I wanted your letter, Jim. Then I turned to the table beside my bed, to look at my little clock, and there beside it was a parcel. How it got there, I didn't know then. It wasn't there when I went to sleep. So I picked it up, and found that it was neatly wrapped and had my name on it. Then I opened it and saw the sparkling ring, and read your darling note.

I laughed and cried, and wished I could go right to you and tell you how I love you, and how proud I shall be to wear the loveliest ring I ever saw. I did see it before, you know, Jim, but I didn't know at the time of the lovely conspiracy you two were in. I wrote you yesterday, and I'll write again to-morrow: but just now, dear boy, I won't talk about other subjects.

Till you come, Jim, this dear little messenger will tell me of your love, and I shall wear it on my finger, and you will live in my heart.

Always your own,

Grace."

When Jim looked up from his letter, the rain had ceased, and from behind a swiftly moving cloud the sun peeped out. So the great day commenced auspiciously for Jim. The sun shone on the inaugural ceremonies. At eleven o'clock the area in front of the Civic Building—henceforth to be known as the City Hall—was packed with people. Many had driven in from the country to join the citizens on this historic occasion.

A distinguished company of men and women prominent in the public life of the town and province occupied the platform which had been erected. A massed choir of school-children led the singing, accompanied by the band. Jim presided and made an excellent speech in welcoming the guests and all who had come to share in the day's proceedings. When he called for the singing of the National Anthem and "O Canada", there was a hearty response. Then there was silence for a moment, followed by the sound of Hugh's clear, resonant tones, as he reverently led the people to the Throne of Grace in the Dedicatory prayer. Following the prayer, the whole assemblage joined in "O God our help in ages past, our hope for years to come."

The inauguration ceremonies throughout were characterized by grace and dignity, and the address of the Premier was worthy of the occasion. He congratulated the people of Enterprise on the fine achievement symbolized in the inauguration of the city, and climaxed his address as follows: "Long ago the Man of Galilee said, 'a city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid'. This city has a magnificent site—it stands literally, on such an elevation that it can be seen for many miles around. It is in the midst of a rich agricultural district. The

Saskatchewan river flows by your door, offering you abundant water supply, and you have railway and highway facilities that are very advantageous. These material assets are no guarantee of a city's greatness, however. The hope of this new city lies in what I see about me at this hour—in happy and healthy childhood, in well equipped youth, in men and women who are home-loving, industrious, and neighbourly ; in leaders both in secular and religious life who inspire confidence and build wisely, and in a spirit of loyalty, co-operation and devotion, that will vitalize all life's relationships."

A full programme of sports and outdoor amusements was run off in the afternoon, with a monster picnic-supper following. Many private functions were participated in that evening, and everybody voted it a "great day".

THE CIVIC SCANDAL

THE Police Commission, composed of the Mayor, the Magistrate and the District Judge, was organized shortly after the inauguration of the city. Magistrate Gunn was known as a capable lawyer, and a man with a high sense of his official duty. Judge McLeard was a second-rate lawyer, but a first-rate politician, whose position was a reward for party services. He was intemperate in his habits, and both his personal conduct and his judicial pronouncements caused people to question his fitness for a place on the Bench.

Jim called his fellow commissioners together and had a full and frank discussion with them regarding

the police administration. It was agreed that the Mayor should be chairman and the Chief of Police be responsible directly to him, but the commission as a whole would deal with changes of staff, and all matters of major importance outside the regular routine.

From time to time, Jim had been receiving complaints from citizens about police affairs. There were charges of neglect of duty on the part of officers, reports of drinking and gambling dives that were unmolested, and one notorious character was known to be a friend of the Chief. People in an outlying district had been unable to get any action when they petitioned the police about houses of ill repute that were quite brazenly operating.

The Mayor was at his desk one morning when his telephone rang.

"Is that you, Mr. Mayor? This is Alex. Bowden speaking."

"Yes, Alex," said Jim.

"Well, I wanted you to know that Sergeant Gornin was on Main Street five minutes ago, so drunk he could hardly walk. He staggered into Murphy's restaurant and is probably there now."

The telephone clicked before Jim could ask for further particulars.

Putting on his hat, Jim walked down the street in the direction of Murphy's. At the corner he met a policeman and asked him to come with him. The Mayor walked into the place, accompanied by the policeman. "I want to see Sergeant Gornin," he said to the flustered manager.

"Oh, he's all right, Mr. Mayor; he felt a bit used up and I told him to lie down on the couch. I think he'll be O.K. when he wakes up."

"I'll wake him," said Jim, and he walked back into the room without further ceremony. The sergeant was not asleep, but in a maudlin state of intoxication.

Going to the telephone, Jim called the police office :

"Give me the Chief, please. Hello Chief, this is the Mayor speaking. Come over at once to Murphy's restaurant."

In a few minutes the Chief walked in. "I want you to take care of Sergeant Gornin. He's in the room there—drunk. When you have disposed of him, meet me in my office."

"Well Chief," said Jim when he came into the Mayor's office half an hour later. "What did you do with your deputy?"

"I sent him home to sober up. I'll talk to him in the morning."

"This is disgraceful, Chief, and will not be tolerated. I want to talk to you about these letters," pointing to a pile on his desk. "From time to time I have spoken to you about the matters complained of, and yet I find conditions are getting worse and more complaints are coming in than formerly. I may tell you frankly that I am not satisfied, and I think we will have to have a complete re-organization of our police department."

"You mean that I will be dismissed?"

"I cannot speak for the other commissioners, but the whole situation will come before us this evening when we meet to deal with Gornin's case."

The Chief left the office in a sullen mood. He did not want an investigation, for it would likely uncover some things he would prefer to leave undisturbed. He had compromised himself with some of the red-light and gambling fraternity, and if the Police Commissioners

insisted on going after them these people might tell what they knew. His dismissal would also make it impossible for him to get another position. So he resolved to see Judge McLeard.

The Chief had rendered various services to the Judge and the Judge's friends. The Judge listened to the Chief's plea and promised that he would protect him when the matter came before the Commission.

When the Commissioners met in the Mayor's office that evening, Jim gave them full information concerning the Gornin drinking episode. He had looked up this officer's record, which showed that he had on more than one occasion been under the influence of liquor while on duty and had received warning from former Mayor Bowden.

"I think we have a duty to perform towards the citizens," said the Mayor. "This man has shown himself to be unfit to act as a guardian of the peace and an upholder of our laws. My opinion is that he must be dismissed at once. I have no objection to giving him a month's pay in lieu of notice."

The Magistrate, who had knowledge of the man's lapses in the past, agreed and, after some hesitation the Judge consented to make it unanimous.

"I think," said Jim, when this was disposed of, "that we have a much more serious problem facing us. What has been going on in this case, is just an indication of inefficiency in the management of the force. I am constantly being appealed to by citizens who charge that there is gambling going on without interference by the police ; that houses of prostitution are running full blast, and that illicit liquor-selling is on the increase. I have discussed these complaints with the Chief and have urged him to take action ; but from my knowledge, things are not improving. I

believe we must have a new Chief and a clean-up of the Police Department."

The Judge put in a strong plea for the Chief. He had a very difficult position. Most of the people who complained were people who did not realize the complexity of the problem. He moved that the Chief be given another chance and that the Mayor be authorized to tell him that the Commissioners expected him to do his best to restore public confidence.

So things moved on for some weeks.

"Hello, Joe, what's the big idea?" asked Dave Smart as he met Joe Norrie outside the Miller-Murphy building about 1.30 a.m.

"Search me. I had just turned in for the night when Murphy called me on the phone."

They were interrupted by the arrival of Tim Mulligan. All three were admitted by Murphy and were taken at once to the back room, where they found two or three others. "I didn't know you were pulling off a stag party to-night." It was Joe Norrie who spoke.

"Well, have a drink on me, boys. This town is in for a sensation to-morrow. Those interfering reformers will get some of their own medicine." The door opened and Miller ushered in ex-sergeant Gornin. "Now Sergeant—spill the beans—the boys don't know what it's all about."

What Gornin had to say was evidently as interesting as it was surprising.

"By the Lord Harry, we've got them up a tree now!" exclaimed Joe. "And when the news gets out, we won't need to worry about who'll run this metropolis."

They had another drink all round and continued to lay their plans for taking full advantage of the situation outlined by the former police officer.

"When will the case come up?" someone enquired.

"At ten o'clock this morning."

The local paper did not publish a morning edition, but the Saskatoon paper arrived on the westbound train at 9 o'clock.

"We ought to spring it before court opens," said Joe. They all agreed.

"I'll fix that," volunteered Dave. "I'll call a newspaper friend of mine and tell him enough to make a good story, and by jingo it will be fun to watch the folk as they read the headlines!"

When the train pulled into Enterprise, there was an unusually large crowd on the platform. Some rumours had been spread, about big news. An extra supply of papers was dropped on the platform, and soon heads were wagging and tongues were working overtime. Newsboys rushed down the street shouting "*All about the big raid*". Across the front page, in bold red type, was the headline: "*Mayor and Minister Arrested*". And under this, also in large type: "*Police in midnight raid find Mayor Douglas and Rev. Hugh Morgan and others in house of ill-repute.*"

The report went on to give details of the raid and to say that the paper had been unable to get any statement from the prominent citizens named. The case would be called in police court, at ten o'clock.

"What in time has Jim been up to now?" said Charles Holden, the Mayor's legal adviser, when he heard the report. "Of course it's a frame-up, but I hope he hasn't compromised himself."

Charlie's 'phone rang. It was Jim Douglas speaking.

"Oh, hello Jim, I was just speaking about you. I see you're in a jam. Guess we'd better have a chat——"

O.K. Jim, I'll be right over; and in the meantime, don't talk to anybody."

The Mayor and the lawyer were closeted together for an hour. "You took a great chance, Jim. Why didn't you take a policeman with you?"

"I thought of it, but you know, I haven't much faith in our police administration. By the way, Charlie, my chief regret is that Hugh Morgan is involved. See what you can do to keep him out of it."

"I'm afraid that's impossible, Jim. You two must stand or fall together, and I'm quite sure Mr. Morgan would refuse to leave you to fight it out alone."

When court opened, the room was crowded and a still larger crowd was milling about outside.

The case was called, but before proceeding with it, Magistrate Gunn made a statement.

He felt that it was desirable, in the interests of all parties and the public, that the case should be fully explored, and that inasmuch as he and the Mayor were colleagues on the Police Commission, he desired to withdraw. He therefore postponed the trial till the next day, when a magistrate from outside would preside.

The court room was crowded and the atmosphere electric with intense interest when the case of the big raid was called.

The first witness was the Chief of Police. The Crown Prosecutor went over the events of the night on which the raid took place. When he had finished, Charlie Holden questioned the Chief.

"You conducted this raid shortly after midnight?"

"Yes, about 12.30."

"What led you to think there was anything wrong?"

"The place is well known, and had been raided before."

"You frequently receive complaints about such places?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you receive a complaint about this place before you raided it?"

The Chief hesitated, but seeing no way of dodging the question, said: "I had a 'phone call."

"Do you answer anonymous calls, Chief?"

"Not as a rule."

"You evidently considered this raid important, for you had three officers along with you."

"Yes."

"Who was it⁷called you on the telephone?"

Again the Chief hesitated, but the magistrate demanded an answer.

"It was a friend of mine," the Chief answered.

"What is his name?"

"Ex-Sergeant Gornin."

"Oh, I see. Ex-Sergeant Gornin tipped you off. Did he tell you why he thought you should raid the place?"

"He said he saw men going in."

"Did he say that he knew some of the men?"

"He said Mayor Douglas was one of them."

"By the way, Chief, why did Gornin leave the force?"

"He was discharged for drunkenness while on duty."

"Who laid the charge against him?"

"Mayor Douglas."

Mayor Douglas took the stand for the defence. He told of the complaints he was receiving from time to time from citizens, about lack of law-enforcement with respect to liquor laws, gambling and houses of ill-repute; of his interview with the Chief, and of the

continuance of unsatisfactory conditions despite the Chief's assurances.

"I felt compelled to warn the Chief that I had decided to advise the Police Commission that a complete overhauling of our Police Department was necessary. Before taking final action, however, I decided to investigate certain resorts that had been brought to my attention by citizens. With this in mind, I called late that night on my friend Mr. Morgan and asked him to accompany me. I regret that he is involved in this case through his kindness in acceding to my request."

"Where did you first conduct your investigations?" asked the lawyer.

"We went down to a place known as Slavin's and reputed to be a gambling dive."

"What did you find?"

"We saw cars parked nearby and noticed men going into the building."

"Did you go into Slavin's?"

"No, we talked to some people whose homes are on the street. I remarked that there seemed to be a party going on at Slavin's. 'Yes, some party,' said one of them. 'It's quiet now, but when they get well tanked up with Slavin's whiskey, and have gambled away their money, there'll be little sleep for decent people around here.' 'What about the police?' I asked. (We were of course unknown to these people.) 'Ach! the police! It's little Slavin has to fear from the police. He and the Chief are partners in the race-horse business. He can get away with anything.'"

"Where did you go next?"

"We walked over to see if there was anything doing at Madam Clara's."

"Tell us about what you found."

"At the corner we saw a man near the house, but when we approached he had disappeared. We did, however, see evidences of activity and two or three men walking towards the back of the house. Finally, I said to Mr. Morgan, 'I'm going over to find out what is going on there.' "

" Did you go round to the back ? "

" No, I rang the bell of the front door. In a moment, a much rouged and scantily clad maiden opened the door a little, and asked what we wanted. I asked to see Madam Clara. We were admitted, and were met by the woman in the vestibule. She knew me and seemed to be surprised at my call. I said, ' I have come to see if the police order to close up tight has been obeyed.' She did not seem to know about any special order, but declared that there was nothing doing. We talked for ten or fifteen minutes, before I said, in answer to her harangue, ' I know you're an awful liar, and I propose to see for myself if you have people in this house.' We then moved down the hall, where I pushed open a door and could hear the sound of scurrying feet, and from other rooms, similar sounds."

" What happened after that ? "

" Why, just about then the Chief appeared."

" What did the Chief say when he saw you ? "

" He expressed surprise that my friend and I were spending the evening in such a place."

" What reply did you make ? "

" I said—I am here to see if your statement that these places are closed up, is true."

" Did he make any answer ? "

" He seemed to be very angry and, with considerable heat, said: ' You've been harping a lot about law enforcement. I'll give you plenty of it. ' You and

your friend will come to the station now, and you'll answer to the Magistrate in the morning.' "

The Crown Prosecutor took the Mayor in hand, but he stuck to his story without variation.

Rev. Hugh Morgan was put in the witness-box, and corroborated in every detail the evidence of the Mayor.

Some evidence was heard from the people of the neighbourhood, also. The last witness was Nora Parker. She spoke with an Irish brogue, and an unconscious humour that caused laughter in the court and amused the Magistrate and lawyers.

" You were in the house in question, on the night of the raid ? " asked the lawyer.

" The Saints forgive me, I was, y'r Honour."

" How did you happen to be there ? "

" Oi came from Oirland a year since, and after walking the straits for some months, I got a job as cook in Saskatoon, but the master lost his foine position, and Oi lost me job."

" What did you do next ? "

" Shure thin, Oi saw in the paper that a cook was wanted in this house, and Oi came to Interprise, and was taken on. Y'r Honour, Oi didn't know what Oi was steppin' into. Madam tould me I needn't serve table and that Oi would be me own boss after eight o'clock each evenin'. Shure, and Oi thought Oi was in clover."

" And how did you find your new place ? "

" For a noight or two things was pretty quiet, and Oi was so dead tired Oi didn't hear anythin'. Thin for noights Oi'd be wakened with men talkin' and swearin', and girls laughin'. They seemed to be havin' Donnybrook Fair downstairs. I gave the missus me notice, but she said she'd have the law on me if I didn't stay till she got another cook."

"Did you hear anything going on, the night of the raid?"

"Oi'll tell the world Oi did. There was the devil to pay for some time. Then Oi heard Madam sound the warnin' bell, callin' all hands to keep quiet whoile she wint to the front door. Thin I heard a man's voice speakin' stern loike, to Madam, and Oi stepped into me dressin'-gown and wint over to the landin' to listen."

"Could you see anything below?"

"Not at first, but Oi knew there was some loud talk between Madam and some 'big bug'. Then they moved down the hall, and Oi heard the man Madam called Your Worship say, 'the jig's up'. And he said he knew she was an awful liar, and he was goin' to see what was goin' on. Oi was so excited Oi nearly lost me balance tryin' to see the man's face, and Oi said to meself, 'Take that, you hussy. It's you the law'll be on, or I'm not Nora Parker.'"

"And did you see the man?"

"Oi did that, and there he is sittin'—forninst me, this minute," as she pointed to Jim Douglas.

"What happened after that?"

"Why thin, the cops came, and Madam and all hands except meself wint off to the police station."

"Just one more question, Miss Nora. Do you know the names of any of the men who were in the house earlier in the evening?"

"Only one, y'r Honor. Oi was at the back door about eight o'clock, hangin' out me dishcloths, whin a man came and asked for Madam. Oi called her and heard her say 'Oh, it's you, Sergeant Gornin. What's doin' in your little world?' Thin I wint upstairs and heard no more."

The Prosecuting Attorney took some time in

questioning Nora, but was unable to shake her testimony.

"Have you anything further to add?" asked the Magistrate, turning to the two lawyers.

Charlie shook his head in the negative. The Prosecutor remained silent a moment, then, rising to his feet, addressed the Court as follows: "Your Worship, I beg leave to ask that this charge against Mayor Douglas and Rev. Hugh Morgan be dismissed. I have allowed the case to proceed so far without protest and have endeavoured to sift the evidence thoroughly, in order that the public may know all the facts. I regret the charge was laid. The whole action is discreditable to the parties concerned in this prosecution. I wish to dissociate myself from it and them, and to declare my conviction that these prominent citizens are entirely innocent of any wrongdoing and that they have suffered a grave injustice."

There was profound silence for a moment, when the Prosecutor had finished his speech, and then the Court-house rang with thunderous applause.

The Magistrate silenced the outburst, and then said: "I entirely concur in the remarks of the Crown Prosecutor." Turning to Jim and Hugh, he continued: "Mr. Mayor and Reverend Sir, I wish to say that I agree fully with the Crown Prosecutor. The case is dismissed, and you leave this Court without the shadow of a stain upon your reputations."

Jim and Hugh had difficulty in getting out of the courtroom. In addition to their intimate friends, citizens from all walks of life, some who had been in during the trial and many who had come in at its conclusion, shook their hands and expressed regret at the indignity they had suffered.

They were about to part at the crossing, Jim to go

to the City Hall and Hugh to accompany his wife to their home, when Mary caught sight of Nora across the street. Without a moment's delay she darted over to her. "You don't know me, but I'm the minister's wife. I want to thank you for your brave defence of the Mayor and my husband. Won't you come home with me for a cup of tea?"

"Ach, 'dearie,'" said Nora, "it was nothin' but me duty Oi did. Thank you kindly. I'll come if you'll not be thinkin' me bowld."

So Nora came under the gentle care of Mary and, through her agency, procured a permanent place in a good home.

That evening, Jim and Hugh again had their names in the headlines of several papers, but this time they were fully vindicated. Editorials appeared in which the editors denounced the Chief and paid tribute to Mayor Douglas and the minister, and prophesied a clean-up in the Police Force of Enterprise.

The Police Commission met at once, dismissed the Chief, and announced that a new Chief would be appointed, who would be given a free hand to make what changes in the personnel and methods of the Police Department he thought desirable. From a large number of applicants, John Fife was chosen. He had served with distinction on the Winnipeg Police Force, and came with the highest recommendations from his Chief, the Mayor, and other Commissioners.

Jim liked him from the first, and felt that here was a man he could trust. "I am glad to greet you, Chief," he said, when they met. "As Mayor, and chairman of the Police Commission, I will have a good deal to do with you. I want to say that there will be no interference with you in the performance of your duty. You may count on my heartiest support

in your task of reconstructing our Police Department and in upholding law and order in our city."

"Thank you, Mr. Mayor," said John, "I will do my best."

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

A City Planning Commission was established on the recommendation of the Mayor, soon after his election. It was composed of two representatives of the City Council ; Principal Carman of the High School, who was a lover of trees and flowers and who had done much to beautify the school grounds ; Mrs. Judson, whose garden was one of the most attractive in the city, and Mrs. Lyman, whose interest in children's playgrounds and parks was well known

This Commission went to work in earnest. They put on an "Educational Campaign" in the schools and also in the church societies and other organizations. Well written articles were given to the Press, and a city "Clean-up" and "Paint-up" was organized. From the Government Forestry Farm a supply of young trees and shrubs was obtained. The city planted trees on the streets and cleaned up the vacant lots that had been an eye-sore in the past.

"Say Mark," said Mrs. Perkins, "we simply must paint the house."

"I've been thinking the same thing, Martha. I didn't notice it needed paint until I saw the Jones' house next door, since it was painted."

"Well, I've been ashamed of our place for long enough, and just to think our neighbours have stepped out ahead of us."

"Keeping up with the Jones' is some job," said Mark, "but I guess we may thank that Commission for stirring us all up."

"What's going on in this neck o' the woods?" asked Bill Cawker, the traveller, when he dropped in to see Fred at the hardware store.

"Are you having an oil boom or have you struck a gold mine? I never saw so many houses being painted, and so many people taking pride in the appearance of their property."

"Oh," said Fred, "we were getting a bit sloppy, and our City Planning Commission took us by the scruff of the neck and said 'Clean up or we'll spank you.'"

"It won't be long now till we'll be able to boast like a town I drove through in Ontario. They had a sign for tourists to read on entering: '*You've seen the rest—now see the best.*'"

"Well, I've been coming in to Enterprise for years, and I declare it looks like a new place," said Bill. "Who ever is responsible for the change is to be congratulated."

"When is the next meeting of the Commission?" asked R. B. Brooke when he met Mrs. Lyman at the Fireside Group.

"We meet on Thursday evening—a sort of wind-up for the season. We are to hear reports of the year's activities. It should be interesting, you'd better drop in to the Council Chamber. We are inviting the public to sit in with us."

"Thanks, I want to meet the members of the Commission. Do you think they would spare me a few minutes before the public meeting?"

"I am sure they would, and I will undertake to arrange it for you."

When the Commission met, Mr. Brooke was introduced, and invited to speak. "I find enthusiasm everywhere for this Commission and its work," said he. "You are making Enterprise one of the beauty spots of the West. My purpose in meeting you at present, however, is to offer to the city, through you, a piece of property for park purposes. I happen to own fifty acres fronting on the river. It is fairly well treed and has ample space for picnic grounds and an athletic field. If the city will accept it, and guarantee to prepare and maintain it for park purposes, I will gladly donate the land and will build at the river-bank a swimming pool and bath-house."

The Chairman attempted to express the Commission's thanks, but was interrupted by Mr. Brooke, who, with a deprecating gesture, said: "Please do not thank me. I feel that I ought to show, in a practical way, my appreciation of your fine work; and besides, Mrs. Brooke and I lost our only child, and we wish to do something in his memory, for the boys and girls and young people of this community."

The Council, in accepting the gift, recorded its appreciation. Gangs of men were placed at the disposal of the Commission at once, to clear the ground and lay it out, and arrangements were made to commence building operations in the spring.

PAT MALONE

"We will have the report of the attendance committee," said the President of the Young Men's Class, of which Jim was the teacher.

"We can account for all absentees but Pat Malone,"

Secretary Ralph reported. "We have tried for some weeks to get hold of Pat, but have failed."

"Have you any idea of what is wrong?" asked Jim.

"He is going with some fellows who have no use for church, and he has been seen several times going in to the dances at Murphy's, and I am told he is in with a bunch who have weekly doings at Slavin's Hall."

That week, Jim called to see Mrs. Malone. "I've come to talk to you about Pat, Mrs. Malone. I've missed him for some time, from my class."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Douglas; it's sorry I am that he won't go, and the crowd he goes with now is no help to him. I don't know what to do."

"Is he working now?" asked Jim.

"Only odd jobs. He was let out at the flour mill a couple of months ago. If I didn't get my widow's allowance and a little help from Laura, my girl, who is in service, we couldn't carry on."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Malone. I knew your husband to be an honest worker, and I am sure you have done your best. I will see what I can do for Pat. Do you know where he is?"

"I do not, Mr. Douglas. He went away with a fellow who called for him, last night, and I haven't heard of him since. Do what you can to save him, please sir. It breaks my heart to think that my son, who had a good father, has taken to drink and other evil ways."

The next morning Chief Fife called to speak to the Mayor before Court opened.

"I have a young man answering to the name of Pat Malone at the station," the Chief said. "He was arrested last night, when we rounded up a tough joint in the east end. We caught several old offenders who have been bothering us lately, and this young fellow

was drunk when he was brought in. He is quite sober now and seems to feel his position very much. I questioned him closely, and learned about his family. He told me he used to be a member of your Class."

"Yes, Chief, I know the lad well. Speak to the Magistrate and ask him to hold over his case."

"Very good, Sir," said Chief Fife.

"If the Magistrate consents, please tell Pat I want to see him in my office—and Chief, you might send him over without police escort."

In about half an hour, the secretary came in to say that a young man named Malone wished to see the Mayor. Jim arose and walked to the door, which he opened to allow the secretary to pass out, and with a hearty "Hello, Pat, glad to see you," and a firm grip of his hand, welcomed the much-abashed Pat to his private office. "Now Pat, tell me all about it," said Jim. Tears were falling from Pat's eyes.

"I guess I've been a fool, sir," he said. "I got fed up. There was an accident at the mill a couple of months ago, and I got blamed for it, though it was not my fault. Then I lost my temper, and the boss fired me. I hadn't very good clothes and didn't like to go to Class. But I guess I was a coward. I should'a helped Mother more—and tried to take Dad's place—and now she'll be disgraced if they send me to jail."

"I saw your mother yesterday, Pat. She thinks a lot of you, but seemed to be worried for fear you're being led astray." Pat hung his head and made no reply. "If I help you out of this affair, will you straighten up and make a new start?"

"Will you help me, Mr. Douglas? I'll cut out of the gang and do my best to get a job, and as soon as I can afford a new suit I'll go back to the Class."

"That's fine, Pat. Let's shake on it. I'm sorry

I've been so busy that I lost track of you for a while. I should have been to see you before this."

"Oh, it wasn't your fault, sir," said Pat.

"I'll try to get the Magistrate to suspend judgment, and we'll keep your name out of the papers."

"Oh thanks, Mr. Douglas. My mother will be so glad."

"By the way, Pat, how would you like to work for me?"

"I'd jump at the chance, if you'll let me, and I'll try to make good, sir."

"Well, I think we can do with a smart young fellow at the store. Now go home and make up with your mother. She's a good mother, Pat, and your father was a fine man. You'll try your best to make her happy, won't you Pat?"

"I sure will, Sir."

"This afternoon I want you to go to Parr's store, and get yourself some clothes. I'll advance the money and will 'phone Mr. Parr. Put on your new suit and go in and see Mr. Thompson, and he will tell you about your new job. Come back here at five o'clock and I'll have the Magistrate's report for you."

It was a very different Pat who walked out of the Mayor's office. He had come in discouraged and humiliated. He went out with new hope and courage, and a determination not to let his benefactor down.

He told his mother the whole story, not sparing himself, and of Mayor Douglas' sympathetic interest and splendid offer. "I've been a wash-out Mother, but if you'll forgive me, I'm going to make up to you for the past."

"God bless you, Pat, your father would be so pleased. I felt sure you would come back and be my own good son, again. Let us thank God, and ask His blessing

on our home." They knelt together, while the mother poured out an earnest prayer to which Pat said a fervent "Amen".

That was a great afternoon for Pat. He found that Jim had given instructions to Mr. Parr to outfit him with two suits, and boots, shirts, underwear, collars, ties, a hat and an overcoat. He wanted to cut down the list and to select cheaper materials, but Mr. Parr said it couldn't be done. "You see Pat, Mr. Douglas came in to see me and left explicit orders about the matter, and he will go after my scalp if I don't do as he said."

Pat hurried home from the store to have a bath, and to dress in his business suit. His mother looked her admiration as she said: "My, but you look like your father, Pat, and I am happy to see you getting this fine chance. I hope you will tell Mr. Douglas that I am very grateful. I mean to tell him myself at the first opportunity."

He had a satisfactory interview with Fred and was engaged to begin work next morning. "Well Pat," said Jim, when they met in his office at five o'clock. "I have the promise of the Magistrate that the case will not be proceeded with. He told me to tell you that he hopes you will get along well."

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," said Pat—"and Mother said——" and then a big lump came in his throat and he couldn't say any more.

"That's all right, Pat ; I think you look smart in that new outfit. If you do your best, I'll see that you get a raise at the beginning of the year. The boys and I will be looking for you on Sunday—and Pat, I wish you'd have a talk with Mr. Morgan. He is a great friend of young people, and I know he is anxious about you."

"I certainly will be back in the Class, and I'll go to see Mr. Morgan to-night—and say, Mr. Douglas, some of the fellows I got in with aren't bad, but they are being led by older fellows, and some of them are discouraged like I was. I'm going to try and get them to come with me to the Class. Do you think the fellows will give these boys a new deal?"

"I'm sure they will, Pat, and the Young People's Federation will help, too. I've got some plans on foot for the young people that I think you'll be interested in, but I can't talk about them yet. Good-bye Pat, and good luck!"

THE BLIZZARD

"How would you like to run out to Goodman next week-end, Jim?" It was the minister who asked the question.

"What's going on out there?"

"Oh, my friend Marshall is having an anniversary, and has asked me to help him. I have a visitor coming here for that day. If we could supply your Class, you and I could have the trip together. I plan to leave Saturday afternoon and to return Monday morning. What do you say?"

"Sure I'll go, and on the way I can see a man on a little matter of business."

It was the third week of October and there had been no snow except very light falls that soon disappeared. The roads were smooth and hard. Jim drove his own car, so that Hugh Morgan could relax in preparation for his Sunday services. It was about seventy-five miles across country to the nearest point on the field.

They were to be entertained by a farmer at that point, and in the morning to proceed to the little town of Goodman. Services were to be held morning and evening in the church, which had been opened a year earlier and was now completely furnished and prettily decorated for the occasion.

"We'll be back, I hope, for lunch on Monday, my dear," said Hugh as he said good-bye to Mrs. Morgan and stepped into the car beside Jim. "Put a little more water in the soup and save the neck of the Sunday chicken for Jim—he'll be hungry when we get back from the drive."

The sun was shining brightly as they sped along the level highway at a smart pace. In about an hour they came to the homestead where Jim had business. It was soon completed, and they were ready for the rest of the journey. But the good housewife insisted on serving a cup of tea, with delicious home-made buns and cake.

"That wind blows to me like a change in the weather," said the farmer. "Them clouds may have snow in them. My rheumatism is prophesying again."

The two travellers had not noticed the change in the sky. "Guess we'd better be on our way," said Jim as he stepped on the starter. It was already late afternoon. In half an hour large snowflakes began to fall, and before long the snow was falling fast. The wind was rising and was blowing the snow off the hard surface of the road. The soft snow began to cover the windshield. Jim started the wiper, and soon it was having difficulty. "This isn't an ideal spot to be caught in a blizzard," said Hugh, "for I happen to know that for the next few miles there are scarcely any houses."

"If it doesn't get any thicker, we'll manage to keep

the road and should arrive at our host's before dark," said Jim.

Jim was a good driver and the car was in excellent condition, but the storm soon reached the proportions of a raging blizzard, and besides the difficulty of keeping on the road, drifts were forming in the low spots. Once or twice they had to get out and shovel the snow away. It was dusk and no house was visible. Jim had to drive slowly—much of the time in low gear. Suddenly, at a jog in the road, the car left the highway and plunged into a ditch filled with snow. They worked for half an hour, doing everything possible, but without avail. The car was hopelessly stuck in the snowdrift. What were they to do? It would be folly in the darkness and blizzard to start out on foot for shelter.

"We'll have to stay in the car until daylight, I'm afraid," said Jim. "Perhaps the storm will then be over, and we'll be able to find our way to a house."

"I'm sorry," said Hugh, "to have brought you into all this."

"Nonsense," said Jim. "I shouldn't have stopped on the way. We'd have beaten the blizzard to it if I had come straight on. Anyway, I'm glad to be with you. It would be a lonesome night if a fellow were all alone."

They climbed into the back seat of the now almost submerged car. Fortunately, they had a rug and a robe with them. They sat close together and wrapped these about them. The storm still raged and the temperature took a sharp drop. In spite of strenuous efforts to keep the blood in circulation by exercise and covering themselves as best they could, they began to feel chilled. Along with this, as the hours passed, they felt drowsy.

"We musn't go to sleep, Jim," said Hugh.

They tried many expedients to keep awake. They talked and sang, stretched themselves as best they could, even made a game of slapping one another vigorously. Both had lived long enough in the West to realize the danger they were facing. They were stout-hearted fellows, but to face death when one is in the full flush of health and energy is an ordeal for strong men. They had loved ones, and friends, and life, with its adventure, was calling to them. It seemed too soon for such men to die.

They were young men of Christian faith, but they had no illusions that because of this their lives were immune from danger. Now, however, as they faced up to the prospect of death, they felt a sense of comfort and strength in quietly committing themselves and their loved ones to the God who had revealed Himself in the Man who had trod the hazardous way.

How it happened, neither of them knew, but they did finally succumb to the numbling effects of the cold. They were aroused from the stupor into which both had fallen, by the sound of voices. Two men were shaking them and calling loudly to them to wake up. Then they felt themselves carried to a waiting sleigh, and presently they were being put to bed in a farm-house. A kind-faced and capable woman gave them hot drinks and applied treatment to their feet, hands and faces. She bandaged them up and did her best to make them comfortable.

It was now Sunday morning. The farm-house was only a few hundred yards away from where the car had come to grief, but could not be seen in the storm and darkness. Though the wind still blew, it had ceased to snow. When the men had gone out to do the Sunday-morning chores, the dog had been bounding

over the drifts and began to bark furiously at some object on the side of the road. Hitching a team, they drove over to investigate and were startled to discover the car with the two unconscious men inside. "Well, you certainly had a narrow squeak!" said Dr. Maguire, who arrived Monday afternoon, after he had examined his patients and had learned of their night's experiences. "You have some rather bad frost bites, but I feel sure they will heal. And it's a mighty good thing that you were found when you were, and that Mrs. Cousins was a trained nurse and knew how to put heat into cold bodies and to give first aid to the injured."

"We are deeply grateful to you all—you understand that we cannot express our appreciation," said Hugh fervently, while Jim re-echoed the statement.

"By the way," said Jim, "did the doctor call you Mrs. Cousins?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Cousins, "and this is my husband and his brother."

"Have you lived long in these parts?"

"I came here ten years ago from Southern Manitoba," Mr. Cousins replied.

"Then when I got my buildings up, I went back to be married, and we have lived here ever since. My brother has a homestead next to mine, and makes his home with us in the winter. Dad and mother moved up a few years ago, and live in Goodman."

"What is your father's name?"

"Joshua Cousins. Though most people know him as Uncle Josh."

"Well, well, we have been doubly fortunate. I know your father and mother." Jim told them of the trip to Manitoba and of his pleasant associations with Josh. and Mrs. Cousins on the train.

There was anxiety in Enterprise when the blizzard

came on, and for some time communications were interrupted, as wires were down. But on Monday a telegram got through telling about the mishap, but assuring the folk at home that the travellers were being well cared for, and soon telephone connections were possible. The week-end trip extended to a fortnight sojourn, as Jim and Hugh were being nursed back to normal. The car was rescued by the Cousins brothers, and in a few more days the roads were passable.

"Wal, I do declare! I hoped I'd be seein' you, but I hadn't figured on old man blizzard renewin' our acquaintance," said Uncle Josh, when he and Mrs. Cousins arrived at the sons' place to visit the patients.

"This is our minister, Rev. Hugh Morgan," said Jim.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Reverend. We was all primed for the big doin's. My missus made me work like a slave fixing things up at the church, and I even had to go to the barber's to get my hair and whiskers trimmed. Ain't been to a barber's sense we lived over in Nebrasky—allus had one of the boys use the horse clippers and the shears. We had our own man take the services Sunday. All hands were on deck, except the folks from the country, and we had a good day. Course we was all mighty sorry you couldn't be with us as planned, but do you know I never heard such hearty singing of the Doxology as when our minister told us you was both getting on fine, and would soon be right smart again. I saw Mariet usin' her hankie on her eyes, and she wasn't the only one."

"Yes, Josh, you coughed pretty loud, yourself."

"Well, I'll own up to feelin' a lump in my throat, and if I'd a known the whole story, I'd 'ave been usin' my bandana most likely."

Josh was keenly interested in hearing about Jim's career since those first days on the train. He and Mrs.

Cousins insisted that they must allow their son to drive them in to spend the night, before returning home.

The Marshalls came for supper, and Mrs. Cousins, Jun., had come along with the party from the farm. It was a memorable night—it's warmth and shelter in marked contrast to their night in the blizzard. Josh. grew reminiscent and, in his quaint way, told of his early struggles, his coming to the West, and meeting Jim's relatives, and then the train journey from the East. The rest of the company joined in laughter as Josh made them see the funny side of life's strange adventure.

"Mariet and I allus said it would be a glad day for us when we could return the hospitality the Douglas family showed us when we was stuck in the Manitoby mud, strangers in a strange land. And who was that guy that said 'history repeats itself', or 'chickens come home to water', or 'castin' your bread upon the roost'—I guess I'm getting my lines crossed a bit, but there's no mistake; this little house is full of happiness to-night to have you boys here safe and sound."

JOE NORRIE SPRINGS A SURPRISE

THE return of the Mayor and the Minister to Enterprise, following their perilous experiences, apparently none the worse, brought great joy to loved ones and friends.

The following Monday was civic nominations day, with Election Day just one week later. Nominations

took place in the City Hall in the forenoon, and in the evening the Annual Ratepayers' Meeting was held. There had been little interest shown, it being generally assumed that the Mayor would be given an acclamation.

A small group of citizens, including candidates for the various offices, gathered at the time appointed.

Jim was nominated, as were several aldermen and School Board members, also some who were seeking to fill offices vacated by representatives who were not seeking re-election.

The City Clerk glanced at the clock as the hands moved close to the zero hour, when, much to the surprise of those who were in the Hall, the name of Joe Norrie was presented. Joe himself was not there to be questioned about the matter. The news that he had again thrown his hat into the civic election ring, spread rapidly through the city. Memories of the campaign of a year ago were revived, and indifference gave place to keen interest. "See you at the meeting to-night," was the most frequently heard remark during the day, and when the time for opening arrived, every available space in the Hall was jammed with people.

Joe had dropped out of public view for several months, and it was rumoured that he was through with politics for good. The Norrie homestead, which had been taken up by Joe's father, was located at the city limits. The fine residence replacing the original farm home, was within the city. It was situated in spacious grounds, artistically laid out with lawns, hedges, trees and flowers. The farm itself, consisting of half a section of good land, well equipped with stock, barns and stables, was just outside the city. Joe had a good education and was a shrewd, successful business man.

On New Year's Eve Joe attended a stag party, staged by several of his cronies. When he left for home he was in no fit state to drive his car, but he insisted on doing so. Near the Norrie place there is a deep ravine with a culvert over the creek, that crosses the road at that point. The car, which had been zig-zagging its way under Joe's unsteady driving, came swiftly down the hill, swerved to the left and, being jerked forcibly to the right, plunged over the side of the culvert and crashed through the ice of the creek. Fortunately, Joe was thrown clear and landed in a snowdrift, where he lay for a time almost completely buried. He tried to get up, but his right leg had been injured and blood was oozing from a cut in his head. He might have perished had not a motorist come along who quickly went to his rescue and took him to his home.

The doctor was immediately summoned. Joe had a badly sprained ankle, besides numerous bruises, and the cut on his head required several stitches. The most serious result, however, was that he had been thoroughly chilled.

Dr. Edgar, knowing how Joe's constitution had been weakened by his intemperate habits, realized that he had a stiff fight on his hands. He put a day and a night nurse on the case, and in a day or two both doctor and nurses were fighting for their patient's life. Pneumonia had developed.

Hugh Morgan came just as soon as he heard about it, to enquire, and to offer his services to Mrs. Norrie. When the patient was well enough to see anyone, Hugh was admitted. Joe seldom went to church and he had enjoyed ridiculing religious people, but Hugh's sterling character and his many services to the community had impressed him. Though he would not

have acknowledged it, he held the minister in high regard.

Day by day, Hugh called to enquire and, when, invited, went in to see the patient. His visits were brief, and he brought into the sickroom a personality that radiated friendliness, sincerity and happiness. Wise in dealing with the sick—in body and soul—Hugh endeavoured first of all to establish a basis of fellowship. Gradually his words, gently spoken, the grip of his hand, and the smile on his face kindled a response in Joe's heart.

So it seemed quite natural one day, after all barriers to intimate intercourse had been removed, for Hugh to say: "Joe, I believe there is a Higher Power than our own. I'd like to ask God's blessing." Joe looked up at him with eyes suspiciously moist and nodded assent.

In simple words, Hugh gave expression to his Christian faith, and invoked the Heavenly Father's tender mercy on the sick man, in the name of Him "who loved us, and gave Himself for us". The tightening of Joe's grip on Hugh's hand as the "Amen" was pronounced gave evidence that his heart responded.

When the ban on visitors was lifted, one of the first callers was Mayor Douglas. From the first, Jim had shown deep concern. He sent a man from the store to help out with the stock during the emergency. He also sent flowers to the patient and in every possible way rendered assistance to Mrs. Norrie.

Joe had said about every mean thing he could think of about Jim, but like the dog "His bark was worse than his bite". His verbal onslaughts on Jim were not the honest expression of his opinion, but rather they represented the only way he could conceive of getting a political opponent out of his way.

Mrs. Norrie did not share her husband's animosity towards the Mayor, and she took pains to report to Joe the practical sympathy Jim had shown. So, when Jim walked into the room and greeted Joe with the heartiness of an old friend, Joe capitulated and, for the first time in years, they chatted with each other as friendly neighbours.

Joe's sickness kept him in bed for six weeks, and for a couple of months thereafter he did not venture away from home. It was with great satisfaction that he was permitted, one warm spring day, to go out to the barn. His horses and cattle—all thoroughbred stock—never looked so good to him as they did that day.

On two or three occasions during the later summer, he and Mrs. Norrie drove downtown, but it was noticed that Joe did not go to the Miller-Murphy hangout, nor mix with the old gang. They called at the manse and carried in from the car a well filled hamper of choice samples of the fruit and vegetable garden, and some choice fowl from the Norrie farm.

At the Ratepayers' Meeting there were the usual short speeches from the candidates for the School Board and Council. Then the Mayor gave a report on the year's work and outlined some plans he had in mind if he were elected for another term.

Joe Norrie's name was called and Joe walked slowly to the platform, supported by a stout cane. He was quite a changed man from the jaunty, boisterous candidate of one year ago.

"Fellow citizens," he began. "I suppose some of you are surprised to see me here to-night. Of course, any man might well covet the honour of being Mayor of our little city. You know that a year ago I tried hard to be elected. Well, the old saying is, 'If at first you don't succeed, try again.'"

"A year ago I warned you against my opponent, who has occupied the Mayor's chair since that time. Well my friends, a lot of things have happened since last election. You know I had an accident and was laid up for a long time. Time enough for a man to think things over a bit. I want to say here, that I owe a great deal to three men who were my political enemies, and about whom you have heard me say little that was good and much that was uncomplimentary. I refer, first, to Dr. Edgar, by whose skill and faithfulness I have been restored to health. To Rev. Hugh Morgan, of whom it may be said, 'I was sick and he visited me.' I never took much stock in ministers or religion, though I could never quite get away from the influence of my old mother, who was a God-fearing woman. I can't explain how Mr. Morgan did it. Some quality in himself, I suppose, as well as his words, compelled me to revise my judgments and gave me a new outlook on life.

"The third of that trio who came to see me, and who did many kind things to help, might very well have excused himself, for I certainly had ridiculed and abused him. I refer to Mayor Jim Douglas. I really didn't know him—I wouldn't let myself get near enough to him to do so. I looked upon him as the young upstart leader of a group who stood in my way politically, and I didn't like him nor them. As you know, I fought him with all the power at my command. Now, I have again allowed my name to be put in nomination, but I did it that I might have this chance to square accounts.

"I decline the nomination and withdraw my name. We already have a Mayor of whom we ought to be proud. He has done great things, so let's give him a well earned acclamation: and I want to be the first

to congratulate him and to wish him continued success."

As Joe concluded, he moved over to where Jim rose to receive him, and the two men clasped hands as the Hall rang with thunderous applause.

Joe Norrie made good his profession of a changed outlook. At the next Communion service in the United Church, Rev. Hugh Morgan received Mr. and Mrs. Joe Norrie into membership.

The man who had been the king pin of the reactionary elements in the city became, in the best sense, a progressive citizen. He did not seek office, but the leaders of worthwhile movements knew they could count on Joe's personal and financial support at all times.

The Miller-Murphy gang sold out to a reputable concern, who transformed the restaurant into an attractive and thoroughly respectable place.

Dr. Edgar had become, not just Joe's medical adviser, but there had sprung up between them a warm friendship, and when occasionally the busy doctor had a free evening to spare, he and Mrs. Edgar would enjoy the Norrie hospitality.

The doctor and Joe were discussing the work of the Fireside Group, in which Joe had become quite interested. "By the way," said the doctor, "we will have our tenth annual meeting on New Year's Eve."

"What do you do?" said Joe.

"Oh, as many of us as can—sometimes thirty or forty men and women—get together and review the past and discuss future plans, and of course we have a jolly social fellowship and a cup of tea."

"Say Doc., I have an idea. You know the sort of celebration I was at on last New Year's Eve. I don't want another like it—but I would enjoy a social evening with the Fireside Group. Suppose we invite them

to have the celebration here—we have lots of room, for forty or even fifty people."

"Oh, that would be grand," said the doctor.

Mrs. Norrie was called in and heartily endorsed the plan. So it was agreed upon. A committee of ladies would assist the hostess, but Joe insisted that he and Mrs. Norrie would provide the feast.

About forty men and woman members of the Fireside Group gathered at the Norrie home for the celebration. The host and hostess received them with smiling cordiality. The house was gaily decorated and, both in appearance and atmosphere, was quite Christmassy.

It required the combined capacity of the dining and living rooms for the tables. They looked very inviting, and soon the whole company sat down to enjoy the good things provided in abundance; and better even than the choice food, was the "feast of reason and flow of soul" that was participated in by all.

Following the dinner, reminiscences were freely indulged in by those who were charter members, and the work of a decade was passed in review. There was no disposition, however, to rest on their oars. This live group of citizens believed with Lowell, that "New occasions teach new duties". So they had an earnest discussion on the new problems confronting them.

Mrs. Lyman conducted the business, as retiring president, and passed over the responsibility to the new president, Fred Thompson.

There was a musical programme arranged by Cope Scott, and some toasts which provoked several witty speeches.

Dr. Edgar proposed the toast to the Fireside Group, coupling with it the names of Rev. Hugh and Mrs.

Morgan, who were its founders. Concluding a short speech of appreciation of the minister and his wife, he asked them to stand while the members clapped and sang "For they are jolly good fellows". Mayor Jim, on behalf of the Group, presented them with a silver tea-service, suitably inscribed. Speeches were demanded from both, and were given with becoming grace and modesty.

The hands of the grandfather clock pointed to 11.55, and at a given signal Cope Scott sounded the note on the piano, and, standing in a circle, they sang "Auld Lang Syne" clasping hands in comradely fashion. Then the grand old Doxology, "Praise God from Whom all blessing flow", was sung.

There was a moment of silence—broken only by the chiming of the clock, marking the passing of the old year. When the chimes ceased Hugh offered a brief prayer of thanksgiving and asked for Divine direction for each one present, and for mankind, along the uncharted way of the New Year.

The prayer ended with a quotation from Tennyson's "Ring Out Wild Bells":

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

"WHAT'S the special subject of discussion to-night?" asked Mrs. Lyman when she and her husband arrived at the Fireside meeting. "The notice called it 'An experiment in Education,' but that was not very enlightening."

"Oh," said Mrs. Morgan, "you'll hear all about it. You know, Mr. Jones the picture-theatre man died recently, and there have been representatives of chain theatres here, making offers for the property. It seems that Mrs. Jones consulted Mayor Douglas about the matter, and he has been thinking out a scheme. He and Dr. Edgar called to see Hugh the other evening, and they decided to call this meeting for further discussion."

Dr. Edgar introduced the subject. "You are all aware," he said, "that our moving-picture theatre has been offered for sale. Mayor Jim is my authority for saying that the chain-theatre interests are ready to pay a good price for the property. We have called this meeting to consider whether or not it is feasible to organize a local company to take over the business and run it according to Fireside principles and ideals. I think Mayor Jim has been quietly exploring the proposition and has a statement to make."

"Having in mind our frequent discussions about commercialized amusement in general, and the moving-picture industry in particular," said Jim, "I thought the present situation offered an opportunity to the progressive people of Enterprise, to make an experiment."

Jim proceeded with a clear statement of the sale price of the property, the offers made, and the option he had obtained.

"I must say," he continued, "I have consulted several of our citizens, who feel strongly about the menace of the moving-picture business as now controlled by monied interests, whose only concern is making money."

"It certainly is disgraceful that vulgarity, sex perversion, crime and drinking scenes are the chief attractions presented," commented Mrs. Lyman.

"Yes, and when a really good picture is advertised, they usually put on an 'extra' feature that is objectionable," declared Mrs. Morgan.

"We have, of course, discussed it before," said Principal Carnian, "and I firmly believe that the problem will not be solved until the whole industry is nationalized and placed under a Federal department or Commission of visual education."

"Wouldn't there be a howl if you made it high-brow and cut out the funny pictures?" someone asked.

"Who wants to make it high-brow?" shot back the Principal. "And as to funny pictures, we haven't nearly enough real amusement now. The people don't laugh enough, and the picture show should be a tonic for frayed nerves and wearied minds. What is needed is that the business should be conducted by the right people and that private profits should be eliminated. The Commission governing it, like the Radio Commission, should be composed of men and women who are experienced educators and lovers of young life, whose aim will be to add to the joy of life by providing mirth-provoking and mind-enriching pictures."

"We are agreed on that proposition," remarked the Chair, "but how are we, as a community, to relate ourselves to it?"

"We cannot go far at present, I'm afraid," said Jim. "But we may, while keeping this goal in view, protect ourselves from some of the worse effects of the present

system. Here is my proposal—that we form a joint stock company, buy this business, and conduct it as a community service. For example : we will select the best pictures available, and when, on account of the itinerating system in vogue, we have to take one that is objectionable, we will not show it, even though we have to pay for it.”

“ Will the theatre, under the new scheme, be available for anything but picture shows ? ” asked Fred Thompson, who had found difficulty in securing suitable places for local dramatic performances and special attractions from outside.

“ My hope,” said Rev. Hugh Morgan, “ is, that if we go into this, we will reserve a sufficient number of dates to provide accommodation for such special entertainment as Fred has mentioned.”

The discussion continued until a late hour. The scheme was considered from all angles and, finally, an unanimous resolution passed, appointing a small committee to proceed with the formation of the company, several promising to take stock and to back the movement in every possible way.

“ A Winnipeg newspaper man to see you,” said the Mayor’s secretary, one day several months after the newly-decorated Community Theatre had been opened.

“ How do you do, Mr. Mayor. My paper has asked me to inquire about your theatre scheme, which I believe you sponsored.”

“ Well,” said Jim, “ I was one of a group of citizens who launched it.”

“ And how is it turning out ? ”

“ Beyond our expectations,” said the Mayor. “ The people have supported us splendidly, and I find that we have not only paid expenses, but have accumulated a tidy reserve fund.”

"What about the pictures shown? Are the people satisfied with your censorship?"

"Naturally, there has been criticism from certain quarters, but the best answer is that the patronage has increased."

"Have you had to cut out many pictures sent you?"

"Not so many as you might suppose. The agitation for decent pictures by the League of Decency and other organizations is having its effect on the producers, and we find, too, that other towns and cities have been demanding better pictures, as we have done, so that a better class of picture is being sent and objectionable features are being removed. We have had to turn down some pictures, but have found good use for the theatre on such occasions."

"Have you found the plan for 'Open Nights for Special Entertainments' successful?"

"Very. We have had programmes here that are usually heard only in large cities. We have gladly shared the expense with the patrons and consider it a worthwhile investment."

"What about dividends to your stockholders?"

"That will come in time, I think, too," replied the Mayor. "But, you understand, this is not a profit, but a service, enterprise. Our stockholders are prepared, if necessary to lose rather than to gain. Just now we are laying aside a reserve fund to take care of necessary improvements and to provide against contingencies, but you may tell your readers that our Community Theatre is working well, and that we believe our experiment will help forward the movement for nationalizing this popular modern agency for amusement and culture for the masses of the people, young and old."

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST

WHAT Jim had in mind in his conversation with Pat Malone must now be told. He was at work in his office one morning in October when the secretary announced? "Mr. Judson to see you."

"Show him in," said Jim.

The two men greeted each other heartily.

"Sit down, Tom," said Jim. "I'm glad to see you."

"Thanks, Jim," said Tom. "I know you're too busy to listen to an old fogey like me, but I want to talk to you."

"Well," said Jim, "the business can wait. I am at your service for as long as you care to stay."

"No," said Tom, "it isn't necessary to take your time now. When can you come over for supper, and an hour or two after?" Jim looked at his engagement book. "I'm free to-morrow evening until nine o'clock, if that will do," he said.

"That will be fine," said Tom. "We'll look for you at six o'clock."

"You've been neglecting us sadly of late, my boy," said Mrs. Judson as she welcomed Jim on his arrival, "but," she added with a smile, "I know you are kept very busy with your many duties."

"Indeed I am, and I miss the pleasant evenings here, which have meant so much to me."

After supper, Tom led the way to the den—with its book-lined walls—and when they were seated, he said: "Jim, I've been looking on while you have been at work among the boys and the young people and, since you became Mayor, at your larger and many-sided work for the city, and I am proud of you. You

have achieved results I wanted to see realized, but could see no way of accomplishing. I haven't done much for this place, though it has done much for me."

Jim interrupted him to say that he could not have done anything, if it had not been for the friendship of just such men as Tom.

Tom waved it all aside. "Jim," said he, "I know you have high ideals for our little city and you want to put the emphasis on human values. You know that Alex Bowden and I took a motor trip last summer, stopping off at various towns and cities and spending ten days in the mountains."

"Yes, I've heard you both speak of the fine trip you had."

"We sure did have a good time, Jim, but we had a serious purpose in our minds. We wanted to get some ideas that would help us in making an investment when we came back home."

"I don't quite get you, Tom. I thought you two had retired from all that sort of thing."

"No we haven't, Jim, we've really never started in the kind of investment I mean and we both feel that it's about time we did—or we may not have a chance."

"And did you find what you wanted to see?"

"Not exactly," said Tom, "but we did get an idea from seeing what we both thought ought not to be."

"Tell me about it, it's getting more mysterious every minute."

"Well, it's this way. You've been making us feel—and so has Mr. Morgan, ever since he came here—and the Fireside Group helped too, that a city ought to grow up around its homes and young people. For instance, Mr. Morgan preached a sermon on 'The Child in the Midst,' pointing out that Christ believed that the child is the most important member of society,

and therefore, all our institutions should contribute to his culture and fullest development."

"Yes, Mr. Morgan has certainly given us a fine lead in that direction," said Jim, "and it is in harmony with that belief that our work among boys and girls and young people has proceeded."

"Well, when Alex and I visited one small city, we noticed a fine building near the centre of its downtown area. Upon enquiry, we found that it was a club for business and professional men and retired ranchers. I asked my informant what they did there. He gave me a knowing smile and said: "Oh, it's a swell joint. They have plenty to drink for the members, and rooms for card games."

"What has the city in the way of recreational facilities for the boys and girls and young people?"

"Well, the churches do quite a bit in that line, and the schools have organized sports through the summer season."

"Is there a gymnasium or a swimming pool, to take care of the young life during the fall and winter months?" I asked.

"No, we haven't anything of that sort."

"On our way home, Alex and I discussed what we had seen on our trip. We agreed that a community that puts up an expensive building where men are encouraged to spend their evenings away from home, and where drinking and gambling are prevalent and that makes no provision for the leisure hours of its young people, is failing in some of the most important aspects of citizenship. I'll tell you what we decided, Jim: that we'd like to put up a building in a suitable location, that would be a recreational and educational centre. One that would include a gymnasium, shower baths and swimming pool; a lounge room where not

only young folk could meet, but where people coming in from the country could rest and read if they chose. We would like to have the building house the Public Library. You did a good stroke of business when you engaged Ranton Stone. He has built up a fine collection of books and magazines, and I am glad that the City Council has recognized his worth by a substantial increase in salary and a larger grant for new books."

"Why, Tom," said Jim, "what you speak of would be the fulfilment of a cherished dream of mine—and right in line with the aims of the Fireside Group. The rock on which we have split, when we faced the problem, was that of finance."

"We considered that too," said Tom. "Alex and I have done very well and we both feel that we'd get a great kick out of having a hand in such a venture; so we are prepared to put up the building and to install the swimming tank if we can get other persons and organizations to look after the furnishings."

"Why, that should be easy," said Jim. "The City Council will endorse the scheme, I am sure, and we'll provide the site. It will be our responsibility also to supply the water, light and heat and the services of whatever staff is necessary."

"Do you think the Young People's Federation, who have been carrying on in cramped quarters, would undertake to furnish the gymnasium and to install shower baths?" Tom asked.

"They will welcome the chance, and no doubt some of their equipment can be utilized."

"I was thinking," said Tom, "that the various women's organizations might unite to furnish the lounge room and to supply curtains and other interior furnishings."

"They have recently formed the Local Council of Women," said Jim, "and this would be an inviting public work for them."

"The Library has some splendid equipment, constructed in such a way that it can be extended indefinitely. I think the schools could raise a fund that would provide all the extra equipment required."

It was finally decided that Jim would call a meeting of representatives of all organizations named and any others that might be interested, and that the whole scheme would be outlined to them.

Two weeks later the City Council Chamber was filled with men and women who were leaders in several progressive movements of the city. The members of the City Council had already given their approval and were present, also, at the meeting.

Jim told them of the offer made by Tom Judson and Alex. Bowden.

"We are fortunate in having citizens who not only succeed in their private business, but who are ambitious to make an investment of personal interest and money, in community welfare."

The scheme was fully discussed and enthusiastically taken up. The leaders of the various organizations promised to enlist the co-operation of their members in putting the scheme across, and an executive was formed, to call a meeting and make all necessary plans in connection with the matter.

Ed. Holden, when approached as legal adviser, gladly consented to place his services at the disposal of the committee, free of charge.

And so, the vision of a community centre was in process of realization !

SHADOWS

FOR some time now, Jim had been looking forward to spending Christmas at Norwood Grove. The letters from Grace, and his family, made frequent reference to his coming.

The marriage of Jim and Grace had been fixed for the summer, and a trip abroad was the subject of much study and pleasurable anticipation. Grace would resign her position at Christmas and would spend the remaining months before her marriage at home.

The early part of December in the West was mild and bright. The crop in Northern Saskatchewan was a good one and, in spite of the low price for farm products, the merchants of Enterprise were having a good season's business. The usual Christmas rush was on, and Jim found his time fully occupied with his many interests in the store, the church with its Young People's activities, and the Christmas cheer preparations for the less fortunate—and of course the duties of the Mayor's office were particularly exacting at this time.

"Better let up a little, Jim, or I'll have you on my hands again," Dr. Edgar warned him, when they met at Thompson's one evening.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Ada. "Fred and I have been telling him we think the pace he is going is too fast."

"Mrs. Manders has been getting after me," said Jim, "because my appetite is not as keen as she would like" and, he added, as if speaking to himself: "Oh well, I guess the work has been a bit strenuous lately, but the rush will soon be over for a while."

"When do you leave for the East, Jim?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"I'm planning on getting away on December 20th."

The doctor had been writing on his prescription pad for some moments, and spoke up as he handed Jim a slip of paper: "Take this and get it filled on the way home, and follow the directions. It's a tonic, to buck you up for the home stretch. We cannot have you going home looking played out."

But Jim didn't go East at Christmas. On December 15th, Fred didn't come to the store. He had complained the day before of not feeling well. Jim 'phoned to enquire and learned from Ada that Fred had been quite ill throughout the night, and that the doctor had ordered him to stay in bed until he saw him again.

The weather, which had been mild, had a few days before, turned suddenly cold and stormy. There was first a sleet storm, with a driving wind, followed by a drop in temperature. An influenza epidemic started, which very soon filled the hospital and kept the doctors busy night and day. Some rather serious cases of pneumonia developed.

At noon Jim called to see Fred. Ada looked worried. "The doctor has just been in," she said, "and told me he is sending over a nurse. There is danger of pneumonia, he fears, and we musn't take any chances."

The next day probability had given way to certainty, and Fred was in the grip of the dread disease. It was well that Jim had been taking the tonic the doctor had given him, for he would need renewed vitality.

Tom Judson came to help out in the store, so that Jim could do what he might at Fred's. Jim had to wire Grace that, owing to Fred's illness, he was compelled to cancel his trip East.

"Hello, Jim." It was Mrs. Edgar calling the Mayor's office. "The doctor has just returned from the manse. Mary Morgan has pneumonia."

"Surely not," said Jim. "I'm so sorry. Is she very sick?"

"I'm afraid she is. The doctor tried to get a trained nurse, but there isn't one available. Fortunately, Mrs. Collard has that Irish girl, Nora, and is sending her over to take care of Mary. You know she is a capable, warm-hearted Irish girl, and she fairly worships Mary. Mr. Morgan 'phoned to Mary's mother and she is coming to-day."

Then followed days of grave anxiety for the Fireside Group. On the twenty-third the weather moderated a little, only to be followed that evening by one of the worst blizzards seen in years. It raged all next day and the following night.

In the Thompson home, and the Manse, the fight continued. Mrs. Morgan began to show some signs of improvement, but Fred's condition remained critical. On Christmas Eve a few of the Group gathered in the Manse living room and silently bowed in prayer for the sick in these two homes and throughout the city. After some moments Mrs. Lyman, in subdued tones, but from a heart radiant with Christian faith, prayed: "Dear Father, we thank Thee for Thy Christmas Gift to the world. That Thy Glory and Thy Love were revealed in Him, who took our human form. And we thank Thee for these lives, so dear to us, and in whom we have seen the Master's spirit reflected. We feel our need of them, O God, and would ask that, by Thy blessing, they may be spared, to enrich human lives and to glorify Thee. In the name of Bethlehem's Christ, Amen."

Christmas morning dawned clear and calm. The

storm was over and, though huge snowdrifts were piled up, it was a beautiful Christmas Day.

The report of the doctor, following his visits to the two patients, was that Mrs. Morgan was much better, and that Fred was holding his own. Next day, Fred too showed signs of improvement. The crisis passed for both of them, and in a few days the doctor pronounced them out of danger.

Fred's brother had arrived on Christmas morning, and his presence gave Fred great pleasure when he was well enough to take an interest in his surroundings.

In the households of the Fireside Group, a rising generation of happy-faced boys and girls had sprung up during the years.

At the Manse there were two children, Rhys and Helen, now 9 and 7 respectively. The Edgars' had three children, a boy and two girls. At the McCarrell's there were twin girls; and Fred and Ada, having lost their firstborn, a boy, rejoiced in chubby little two-year-old Verna.

Christmas Day could not be celebrated in the usual festive way in these households, but the Manse children went to the McCarrell's on Christmas Eve, where stockings were hung up, and on Christmas morning the children received their gifts from a gaily decorated tree. Little Verna was taken over early Christmas morning to join the Edgar children in their celebration.

So the Christmas and New Year's season passed and, by the middle of January, Fred and Mary were able to be about again, though still weak and pale.

The weeks passed by in rapid succession until May came, with its promise of summer. On the twenty-fourth, "Brookside Park" was officially opened. The weather was ideal and an immense crowd came to enjoy a day of sports. There were swimming and

diving events in the pool, and a baseball tournament on the athletic field. Horseshoe pitching, races for the boys and girls, and stunts of various kinds for the grown-ups, including a tug-of-war between a civic team composed of policemen, firemen and other civic employees, and an industrial team selected from the brawniest of the men working in the mill and the city dairy.

Booths were kept busy serving soft drinks and ice-cream cones, and from 4.30, when the children sat down at the long tables which had been prepared by a large committee of ladies representing the women's organizations of the city, until the very last sitting had finished supper, at 7.30, the tables presented an animated appearance as the hundreds of people ate and laughed and joked and young and old all made merry together.

FOUNDATIONS

WITH things running smoothly at the City Hall, and in the business, where Pat was making good in a fine way, Jim began preparing for his marriage, which was to take place in Norwood Grove on June 17th.

Fred had also, for a long time, been anxious to go East, and following his serious illness, and in view of his mother's advanced age, he felt that the trip should not be delayed. He and Jim talked it over. "I'll tell you what to do, Fred," said Jim. "Take Ada and Verna, and let us all drive to Ontario together. I'm sure Tom Judson will come to the rescue, and it will do Pat good to have some responsibility. They could carry on for a month or six weeks, very well."

"I wonder if we could do that," said Fred. "It would be great to drive down, going via Winnipeg, the Twin cities, Chicago and Detroit, or Port Huron, and then through Western Ontario, by London and Hamilton, to Toronto. I'm sure Ada would love to go that way."

"Let's call it settled," said Jim. "It will mean leaving a couple of days sooner, but with three chauffeurs in the party, it will be great fun to be out in the open for a week. We'll have to make a stop-over at my uncle's in Manitoba. I'd like you and Ada to meet them in their home. I'll write and tell them we're coming, and invite Marjory to go East with us. We're hoping they will all come down for the wedding, and I know the folk would love to have Marjory on hand for the preliminaries."

On Monday morning of the first week in June, they pulled out of Enterprise at six o'clock. It was a real Western day, with a glorious sunrise, and throughout the day it was just warm enough for pleasant driving. At Saskatoon Jim called the Wilsons' on the 'phone.

Presently he heard Mrs. Wilson's voice, "Hello."

"Is that you, Mrs. Wilson? This is Jim Douglas speaking." "Why, where are you, Jim?"

"Just arrived in Saskatoon a few minutes ago. Fred and Ada Thompson and little Verna are with me downtown. We are motoring to Ontario. You know the great event takes place this month."

"Can't you come up, Jim and have lunch with us? We want to see you and would love to meet the Thompsons'. I'm real cross at you for not sending us word."

"We're going out Eighth Street, so we'll call for a wee visit—but you'll excuse us if we hurry on."

"That's just fine, we'll be looking for you."

The Wilsons' gave the whole party a royal welcome and wanted to kidnap Verna. Very reluctantly they let them slip away after a short call, but not before receiving a promise that the Thompsons' would stop overnight on their return trip, and that Jim would bring his bride to see them on the way through.

How they enjoyed the trip! Fred and Jim took turns driving. Verna played happily with her dolls and, in the afternoon, had a good sleep. Ada had packed a lunch for the first day, so they pushed right on without delay.

"This is the life," exclaimed Fred, who was feeling the tonic effects of this wonderful drive, and the bracing atmosphere.

It was just about midnight on the second day when they pulled into Uncle Charlie's driveway, but the house was alight and the visitors had not stepped out of the car before the whole family came rushing out to greet them.

"We thought you might be tempted to come right on, this beautiful night," said Aunt Jessie, "and we're so glad you did."

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas had known Fred's people, and they all had heard from Jim about Fred and Ada, so felt as though they were old friends. Little Verna was asleep when they arrived, so the women refrained from making a fuss over her, as they dearly wanted to do. She was undressed and put to bed immediately, and till the clock struck two, the rest of the company sat around the table eating and talking and enjoying the best of good fellowship.

"Of course, you're coming with us Marjory. We've been counting on it, you know," said Jim.

"Yes, thank you all. I started to pack as soon as

I read your letter. I've never driven East, and to think of the trip, and then to be with Grace and Edith for some weeks, why I scarcely realize yet, that it is possible."

"Well, that's great, and we hope the rest of the family are planning to come down for the big event."

"Why, Jim, you couldn't keep us away," said his uncle. "John says he'd go if he had to hitch-hike all the way."

"Oh, we're going to drive down too," said Mrs. Douglas, "in John's new car. Then we'll be able to go about while in the East and can bring Marjory back with us."

While the trip was being discussed, Marjory came and sat beside Jim. "See, Jim," she said, as she held up her hand.

Jim, looking, saw the sparkle of a diamond. He pulled Marjory toward him and kissed her. "I'm delighted, dear cousin—who is the lucky man? And when is it to be?"

"His name is Ralph Werthy—we met at University. He is over in London on a scholarship this year—pursuing post-graduate studies. He has the promise of an assistant professorship when he returns, so we hope to be married early next year."

Ada called her mother on the 'phone and arranged to have the party stop there for dinner en route, so at 6.30 one beautiful morning they pulled out from the Douglas' farm home, reaching the Curran home in good time to enjoy the appetizing meal Ada's mother had prepared.

They had good weather for the whole trip, with only one day of rain. The roads were excellent and Fred's new sedan performed perfectly. Jim wired Grace from Windsor, that they would go to a

downtown hotel in Toronto and would look for some of the folk from Norwood Grove, there.

When the car bearing the Saskatchewan licence plates and the Enterprise pennant, drew up at the side entrance to the hotel, Grace, Edith and Rod rushed over, and threatened to devour the occupants. The car was soon disposed of in a parking area, and a reception held in an upstairs reception room. Then they lunched together, and a jolly function it was.

"Do you know, Jim, we are going to have a double wedding? Rod and I decided we just couldn't let you and Grace get ahead of us. Won't it be fun to stand up for each other? for of course I'm to be Grace's bridesmaid, and I couldn't think of being married without Grace." Edith made this announcement as soon as she could get a hearing.

"Well, well," said Jim, "that's simply ripping. What other arrangements have you made?"

"Believe me, they're all made, Jim," said Rod. "The invitations are engraved and passages booked for a trip abroad."

"Now Rod, not so fast. We have to go to the steamship office to-day."

"Oh, there may be one or two little details to decide, but the girls didn't miss many," said Rod, with a wink at Jim.

"Are you and I to go along on the overseas trip, or do we stay with the stuff at home?" Jim enquired.

They all went over to the station to meet the train bringing Fred's sister from Cobourg. They called at the steamship office and made their reservations, and soon both cars left the city. Fred took his sister in his car and proceeded to Coburg, while Jim and Marjory went with the others to Norwood Grove.

Jim looked tired. The experiences through which

he had passed during the year had left their mark upon him, but in the joyous companionship of Grace he soon regained his boyish spirits, and the sense of heavy responsibility gave place to a happy, carefree feeling of relaxation.

The Norwood Grove Church never looked so lovely as on that beautiful June day when the two charming brides, each on the arm of her father, walked slowly up the aisle to the strains of the Wedding March, toward the floral arch, where Jim and Rod stood with smiling faces to receive them. The two ministers, George Bishop and Hugh Morgan, wearing their Geneva gowns, stood waiting until the Wedding March ceased, and then, alternating in the parts of the wedding service of the United Church, they performed the ceremonies that made Grace Jim's wife, and Edith the wife of Rod.

The Huston home was filled with guests from near and far. From the West, besides the Douglas family of Pembina Valley, there were Rev. Hugh and Mrs. Morgan and Dr. and Mrs. Edgar of Enterprise. The young people received the blessing of their parents and the hearty congratulations and good wishes of the guests. The wedding banquet was served by a group of young people of the neighbourhood, from gaily decorated tables on the spacious lawn and under a canopy.

Both ministers spoke to the toasts to the brides. Mr. Bishop told of the place these young people held in the esteem of the neighbourhood. "It's a great delight for me to share with my colleague from the West the honour of uniting these two happy couples. I speak for all the guests when I wish them a happy trip to the lands across the sea, a safe return, and many years of happy wedded life."

Hugh spoke of the unbounded joy it gave Mrs. Morgan and himself and the other Westerners at being privileged to be present. "Mr. Bishop can claim three of the contracting parties as belonging to him and to this community. I rejoice that I, and the little company of guests from Saskatchewan, can claim one—and from now on, two of them. You did a fine thing when you gave us Jim Douglas, who is now our first citizen. He is filling a large place in the life of our Western city, and now you are putting us still further in your debt by giving to us this lovely bride. She came to us some time ago, when Jim was ill. I may say, as far as the friends out there are concerned, 'she came, she saw, she conquered' us. Then she was our guest, now she comes to be a member of our community family, to share with her husband the responsibilities of leadership out there, and, with all heartiness, we bid her welcome.

"We have made a fair division to-day. Two remain with you and two come with us. May God's blessing be upon those who stay and those who go out from you. I join with Mr. Bishop in wishing them a most enjoyable voyage and visit overseas and a long life of useful service and deep happiness."

Jim and Grace were standing on the upper deck of the great ocean liner that was bringing them home from their honeymoon. They were returning from the most wonderful month of their lives. It had for a background, that country neighbourhood so dear to their hearts. In memory's mirror they could see the picture, with a pathway leading back to the days of childhood, with its innocent delights centred about their homes and the little school and church. The winding road led onward till it divided: one way leading far out to the great West, while the other wound

in and out about the old neighbourhood; and then, in the forefront of that picture, they could see that June day of sunshine and flowers and music and happy faces. They could hear the solemn words of the ministers and could feel the tender caresses and the hearty handshakes of dear ones—and in the midst of it all, their own hearts dancing for very joy that they were one in heart and in name and in life purpose.

Such was the setting of that wonderful trip; and then the voyage across the broad Atlantic, on the giant palace of the deep, with its bracing atmosphere, and the freedom to be together in a glorious comradeship. There were the games on deck and music within; the meals so temptingly served—and what appetites they developed! And to make the cup of happiness—already full to the brim—bubble over, they had Edith and Rod for congenial fellow passengers.

That older world—the British Isles, France, Italy—how they revelled in these lands so filled with historic lore. They were both well read, and those ancient literary and historic shrines were familiar to them; but to visit them, and to walk in the footsteps of the great characters who had fashioned Britain and Europe—ah, this was an experience beyond words to express!

“Oh, Jim, I see land.”

“Sure enough,” said Jim, “it must be the shoreline of the ancient colony, Newfoundland, and just beyond it is our Canadian home.”

“It has been wonderful to be with you, Jim, and together to ramble through the Motherland and dear, capricious, but lovable Ireland; and to have glimpses of Italy with its Rome that still bears traces of the mighty Caesars, and is the home of the venerable head of a great Church of Christendom whose priests and altars and worshippers girdle the globe. To see Paris

—that modern Athens—with its intermingling of beauty and culture, of vice and worldly fashions ; and to go to Mons and Arras, to Vinny Ridge and the Somme ; to be thus reminded of the desolation wrought by war, and to witness the evidence of the triumph of man's spirit, in the restoration that has taken place."

"Yes, dear," said Jim, "you have expressed in a finer way than I could have done, what my mind has thought."

"Nonsense ! my dear," Grace replied, "you could have put it in better words, for I am sure you are capable of penetrating deeper than I—but Jim, I want to add this : "The best of it is that we are coming back to our own country, and to the newer West, to live and work together in the task of building for a better to-morrow."

"Don't you know, Grace," said Jim, "I have been thinking much of Hugh's sermon the night before the inauguration. I think I wrote you about it. His text was 'The City that hath Foundations.' He pointed out that the passage refers to Abraham's going out from Haran to the great unknown—in search of the Ideal City of his dreams. That though he never found it in complete actuality, it was great to see it in vision. But Hugh said: 'Abraham not only went out to search for it, he was called to help build it.' How Hugh did emphasize the importance of adequate foundations. I have so often been reminded of it, since. I have thought of the drive we had along Fleet Street in Toronto, with the blue waters of the Bay on one side, and those towering skyscrapers and business houses on the other. Those giant superstructures cannot fail to impress one—their newness and bigness compel attention. But over in London, the Houses

of Parliament, 10 Downing Street, The Palace, the Abbey and St. Paul's—why, one scarcely thinks of their size. You do not look up and say 'How tremendously big these London buildings are.' It is something intangible and invisible that impresses you. These buildings do not belong wholly to the present—their roots are in the past. It is the foundations that grip your imagination."

"I hadn't thought of it," said Grace, "but your illustration is certainly apt, and of course the superstructure must be worthy of the foundation, and adapted to human needs."

"Just that," said Jim, "who would ask for anything finer than to have a share in such an enterprise? It has all the elements of a great adventure—surprise, danger, hard and difficult work, and the promise of real achievement toward noble ends. I am so happy that you share my sentiments, and that we are going out to join those splendid men and women in the West, who are striving to lay adequate foundations and to rear upon those foundations appropriate superstructures for the new social order, now in the making."

* * *

"Hello there, you rail birds," shouted Rod as he came along the deck. "Edith and I have been searching everywhere for you. You know we have to break the tie of our deck-tennis games, and to-day is our last chance. Slip into your sport togs and we'll meet you at the courts in ten minutes."

There had been much interest in the spirited contests between these two couples, who had emerged from a tournament as winners. The final game commenced with a crowd of tennis fans looking on.

The first of the set went to Rod and Edith. Then Jim and Grace came back with two wins. The fourth set was keenly contested, but Rod and Edith were victors. They also won the fifth, so the score stood 3-2 in favour of Rod and Edith. When they won the next, making it 4-2, many were prepared to concede the set to them. In the next two encounters Jim and Grace played a wonderful game and evened the score. They forged ahead in the next, but with the score of 5-4 against them, Rod and Edith came from behind to even things up again. Excitement was running high among the throng of spectators. The players were perspiring and were beginning to feel the strain of the long swift pace, when the dinner gong sounded and the referee called the game. The crowd gave expression to its enthusiasm by a ringing cheer for the players, and reaching across the net, the four contestants, with smiling faces, gripped each other in true sportsmanlike fashion.

"We'll take you on again, when you come West next summer," said Jim, "won't we, Grace?"

"We certainly will look forward to that visit," she replied, "and in the meantime we will play the game of life, with its human issues: you in the East and we out in the newer West, with the same spirit of zeal and energy and good comradeship we have had to-day."

THE END

